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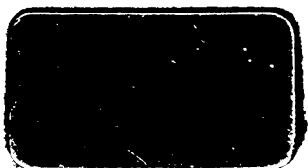
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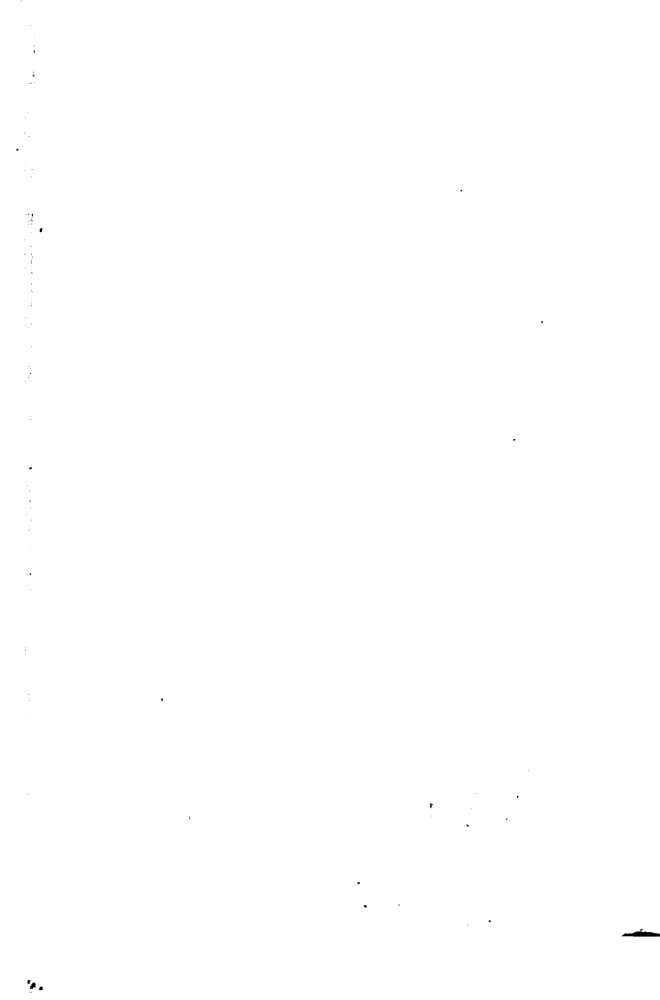
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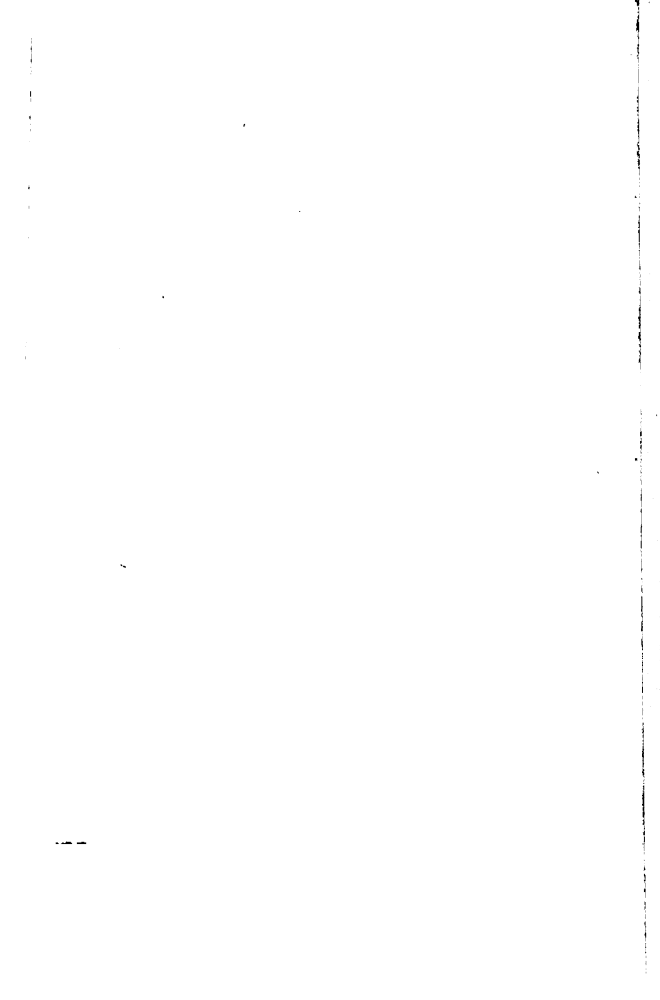
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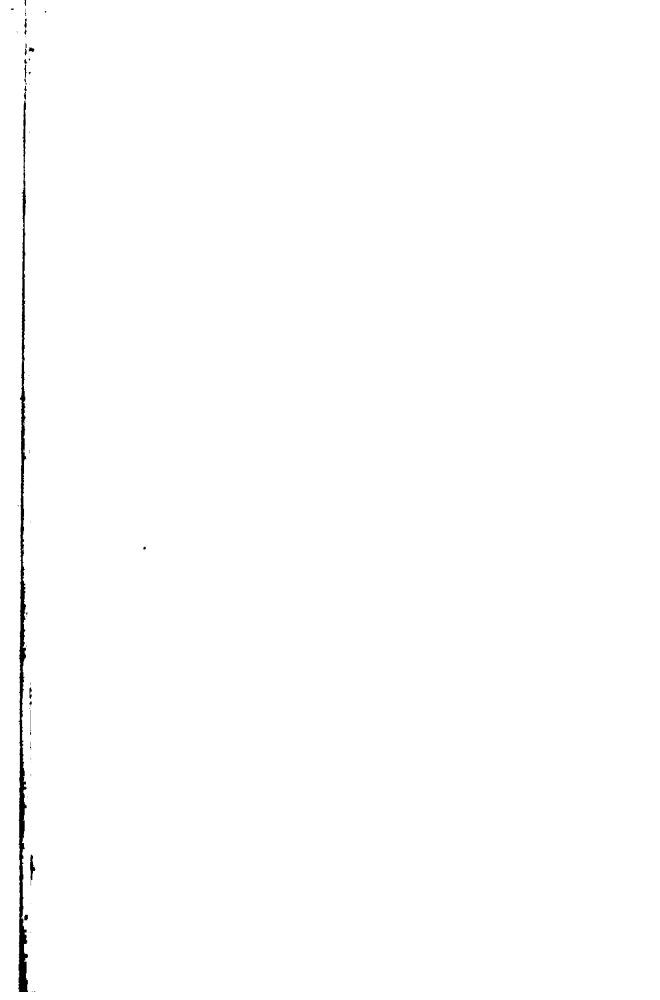
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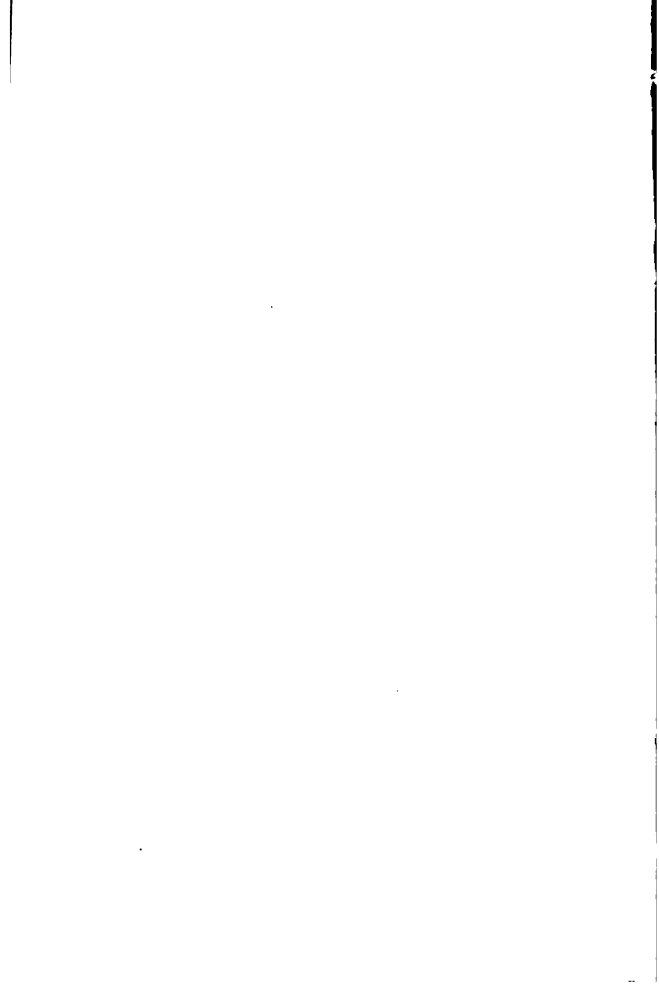
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THE POET

AND

ELEGIAC POEMS

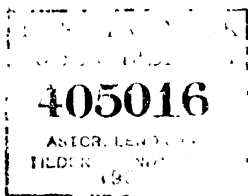
BY
LOUIS M. ELSHEMUS
Author of Countless Works in Literature and Art
Born 1864

Cover Design and Decorations by the Author



EASTMAN LEWIS
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SCORN YE NOT THE POET.

Scorn ye not the poet, God's foster-child!

Ye who brood o'er shelves, with silver
thronged,

Know that he at earth's sweet prelude
longed

First to pipe his lay in God's own guild!

Ye, that crouch in timid awe and fear—

Ye, that coin a thousand shames each year—

Ye, that prowl about, with pride as arms—

Ye, that bring to Virtue many harms!

Scorn ye not the poet, God's lesser self!

For he reads the scrolls that God hath writ—

He is donned with wisdom, and with wit—

He, whom God entrusts to scan His Shelf—

Scorn him not; for scorning him is sin!

Ye, that lead a life to cheat and win—

Ye, that bask in garbs, brocaded o'er—

Ye, that trumpet "Gold" forevermore!

Scorn ye not the poet, God's foster-child!

Ye, that live but lulled by Epicure—

Ye, that doze in arms o' a synecure—

Know his soul to be a temple undefiled—

His heart a tender solace, good and true—

His aims, thought kindly for the good of you—
Know him thus, O ye that breathe away,
Never knowing what brought night—what
day!

Scorn ye not the poet, God's lesser self!
To him God hath ope'd a door of Heaven—
And a drop of Angel's Knowing given!
Know it, ye, that live from secret pelf—
Know it, ye, that laugh at holy rites—
Ye, that think the days are tranquil nights—
Ye, whose pate is propt with dress and gloss—
Ye, that make but this world's putrid dross!
(1885)

THE TRUE POET.

O, the true poet is
A clay that God doth kiss—
He is ethereal!
O, the true poet's born
To sing of eternal morn—
He is celestial!
His heart more quickly beats—
His thoughts are lightning flames—
His soul all purely names
Of life the holy sweets!
He lives with inspiration,
Divinest abstract on this globe!

He dreams in exaltation,
To thought brings brightest robe!
O, inspiration, the poet's flame!
'Tis not the working of the brain—
Nor is it the deep musing of the mind,
'Tis not the drudge by oil—in pain;
Nor is it over-thought that makes one
blind.
O list! It is a magic law, that flows
Into the blessèd one; it cometh
Ere he knows
Its presence, that, like roses bloometh.
O, list! It is a wondrous gift, that comes
Unbidden, like the pang of lover
Burns in love's homes;
It purleth freshly there—like some new-rover
In Ægel's crystal castle-fane,
When full ambrosial blow the scents,
And tinkling sound her purls again!
So lavishes great inspiration's flame
Its glow! with blisses, and loud merriments!!
(1885)

SONNETTINES.

I.

A man may master blood,
May foster purer flood—
But man may nevermore
Fathom the soul's wide core!
The mind with blood runs o'er
The brain bears aptitude—
In soul's sweet solitude
There gleams *that* heavenly shore!

Fair Science boasts of Fame,
Pride won! But disbelieves
In miracles of Faith—and grieves
That God is but a name!
Ay, true-born poet sieves
That dross—and glows His Flame!

II.

O, more and more I see,
The true Divinity
Outshines Science and Skill:
The Wheel of world's loud Mill.

'Tis Thought, self-winnowed Will—
'Tis Wisdom, Nature's glee—
'Tis Knowledge that He be—
Our soul with light doth fill!

O, let no one despair
When lost in ignorance!
Be *thinking!*—till in trance,
A flash of Wisdom's glare
Thy knowing shall advance;
For lo! thy God gleamed there!

NOVEMBER-EVE.

THE MUSE.

Upturn thy gaze to Eve's immortal splendor,
And read therefrom the boons to every
creature:
And lo! the Spirit of the Æons will tender
Thee songs, that take their passion from fair
nature!

THE LONELY ONE.

As ravished as the mariner
Who sees a gleam of verdure near,
My eyes see thee, immortal Spirit!
As gladly as the snow-lost hears
The far-off village bells and cheers
That guide him from a doom
He untimely would inherit—
Thy voice divine I hear—I hear;
And out from my soul's gloom
There bounds a flash—that thou art near!

THE MUSE.

Whilome thy floods of song
Rushed from thy willing soul
Fleet, sweetly as the stream,
Where Ladon's lilies dream.
Why these long days so lorn,
Hope dead, ambition shorn,
Like weary wolds that lie
Beneath an ashen sky?
Why no more lyre tunes,
No more those liquid runes,
That, through the breezes flung,
Seemed as if Angels sung?
No more that eye inspired,
No more that forehead, fired
With Heaven-sparks, that glow
With truths of long ago!
Why, Child, hast like a bough
That droops from frost and snow
Kept long thine arm;—no more
Hast listened to the voice
Appointing thee the choice
Of Heaven's Tribunal high,
To sing Eternity!
Sweet Child—recall those hours,
That fled in lays and flowers;
And, with my lute, intone
What made thee lorn and lone!

THE LONELY ONE.

The nightshade better be
Hidden in secrecy.
The doleful nightingale
Intrudes not in the vale
Where Shiraz-roses bud—
Where happy brooklets flood
A downward stream. O Muse!
Why tempt me? Why not choose
A shepherd, piping gay
His love-wrought roundelay?
But ask not one whose woe
Would weave, as long ago,
The Lady of Shalot,
A shroud with blot and blot
Of heart-blood;—wet with tears,
O streaming all these years!
Forbear, sweet Muse! 'twere well
If sorrow would not tell
Its grief, nor wan despair
Irradiate what be there
Of cold light, like the moon's,
When the clear autumn swoons.
Oh, laughter, hyena-like,
Upon mine ears would strike
Were I to sing of loss—
Of all this worldly dross;
And ever would I hear
A waxing taunt and jeer.

THE MUSE.

Lo, Child! the gold moon glows,
And though a million minds
Would have it dark,—it glows!
Unchanged by a million minds!

THE LONELY ONE.

O Muse, like buoyant waves,
That feel the wind's quick stress,
My words swell—and are slaves
To thy high prompting's sound!
The poet's song is sent
From Heaven's instrument.
Though scores of pens would dress
His lay, his lore profound,
With garbs to suit the crowd—
Lo, Muse! 'twould be a shroud.
But with thy spirit's breath
As aft' the day's glow-death
The moon outshineth million lights
That scintillate in towns, by bights.
Those thoughts that from me grow
Are flamed with Heaven's glow!

THE MUSE.

Thou art again my child,
For in thy sayings wild,
Like Nature's wind and gale,
A spirit sings!

THE LONELY ONE.

Exhale
That love that once was mine,
O Muse!—thou all-divine!

THE MUSE.

My love shall mingle with thine—
Sing of thy woe!

THE LONELY ONE.

Recline
Thine ear upon the troubled air,
And list to how some mortals fare:
Of one I sang for many years,
O Muse, thy breath took up my tears
And one near day those vapors will
Be roseate in my evening, still
And calm as sunset 'baft a hill
That wards from blasts thrift's blissful mill!
Of one I think, and only one;
But no words flow—like lifeless stone
My thought lies—like a monument
Upon a mound, where tears are blent
With morn's and evening's dew. And lo!
In my despair I heard the flow
Of world's unruly river;—drowned
In it—my head, with lilies crowned,
Had felt the thuds of its gloom-waves;

But my soul knew that high thought saves !
Though splash on splash the crisps did meet,
Though wave on wave engulfed me fleet.
Lo Muse ! withthrough the leaden roar
There streamed sweet music from the shore.
It lingered in mine ears—it filled
My heart—my dying soul it thrilled
With new surprise, and noble deed :
A savior 'twas in my great need !

THE MUSE.

O Child unkind— forgetful youth,
'Twas I who gave thee back high truth.
I followed thee—I dipped my hand
Into the current and showed thee land !

THE LONELY ONE.

But listless grew I, and I dashed
My life within the flood again.
I sought for eyes, by Beauty flashed
To glorious orbs. Among the train
Of men and women my steps led,
Till wild my thought waxed—and my head
Purled drops of disappointment's tears !
No one would love me—no bright cheers
Would echo my all-loving cry,
That called to all for sympathy !
Through the thick multitudes of man
Like a wild beast of prey I ran—

Desirous that some heart would be
Heart-friend, and pure soul-love to me.
But on, through streams of motley hearts,
My inner wound pained, as if darts
With Upas poisoned pierced a-through.
O mercy! Fierce my heartsore grew;
It shed its shadow on my soul,
That waged as when loud thunders roll!

THE MUSE.

O Child, if thou hadst kept that fire,
Which but the Angels do inspire,—
High wisdom, which they gave to thee,
Half of thy woes were vanity!
The thunders roar, deluge the plain—
What brightness after summer rain!
*And what are moments to that plan
Of nature, are long years to man!*
I know the rest, lorn Child; for God
Keeps watch for all upon earth's sod.
But sing to me how Angels came
To thee, recalling mine own name,
As when eve-breezes rustle low
The poplars 'long the plain a-row row.

THE LONELY ONE.

O Muse, thy voice is sweet to me,
As the bird's chirp in blossomed tree!
As fond am I of thy dear love

As of warm scent from jessamine-grove!
I tell thee, Muse! O thou dost know
All, for 'twas thy unforecalled glow
Pervading me in dire despair—
Preserving me from Death's cold stare!
I know not whither wend my way:
Around the gay crowds, with sea-sway
And current flow, tormented me.
I wished to clasp each to my breast,
But none would come, would list to me!
I felt like brine in eve's unrest!
Then plunged an evil mood into
My stormy soul; my hands clutched fast
My robe's own hem—till the anger passed.
I felt as if my anger slew
Each one that gazed at me; when lo!
As through the fuscous cloud there flow
The blandest beams from midnight's moon:
There streamed through my soul saddest
song!

To the town-winds I 'gan to croon
A dirge, that trailed my love along
The dusky bournes of death; like air
To dingy rooms, where ugly dreams
Pollute the mind—so was that fair
And mournful elegy!—O gleams
From olden hours wandered through
The gloom and storm—it was as dew
To parchèd leaves—it was a light
Flashed forth to guide a ship aright!

THE MUSE.

'Twas I who sent relief to rage,
Thy beading woe to assuage.
I followed thee, and when thy strength
Had nigh outrun its wonted length
Of endurance—as the stream of rays
Pours from dun clouds on autumn days
Upon the drenchèd briers—how
They glisten!—so those strains that thou
Hadst felt back of thy forehead's bone
Were shed from me upon thee, lone,
Despairing in the heartless town!

THE LONELY ONE.

O Muse, as thunder's clash proclaims
The infinite Power of Him, with names
As many as the nations be—
So that sweet sense (so suddenly
Through my soul shining; in my heart
Consoling, till with it a part
Of thy all-holy spirit clung
To me—till all my thoughts grew young—
Till in that trance my woes were lost—
A calm set o'er me!), whispered me
That some elected from the host
Of Heaven sent their true child: thee, thee,
Muse! Soul of the Divinity!
Then, in my soul it sang, and sang—
Abided there:

*A star is risen!
 From back of musing's shorly mountain.
 It will not set too soon—
 For over glorious midnight heaven,
 And down from zenith's dizzy height
 It has to reach the eastern portal
 Of earth's involving dome!*

*A star is risen!
 It shines and twinkles in its crescent:
 To glow, and ease my woe.
 For, ere it sinketh to morn's splendor,
 Past moon and other stars it speeds.
 Oh! may it burn, and no thick vapors
 May gloom its glowing track!*

It rang, and rang,
 As through the fragrant forests green
 The ripple of the brook, between
 The mossèd oaks, rings clear and long.
 O Muse, then burned I in my wrong:
 I swore to be thine evermore;
 To tune my song with wisdom hoar—
 So that when passing men shall hear
 Their strains, those people shall revere
 Them e'er, as winds of India
 Are hallowed!

THE MUSE.

Sweetest, dearest way
 Of God! reminding thee of love —

O glorious, never to reprove
The errors of His children—lo!
Withthrough their souls His Preachings
flow—

As even through tumultuous skies
The gentle breeze's melodies!
O sing to me that weird, sweet tune
That He sent thee—as through fair June
The humid clouds fold one by one,
And sink into the depth of eve—
So must that song now smile, then grieve;
For life is joy, with woe's low tone!

THE LONELY ONE.

With secrecy am I in bond,
O Muse! I swore to her, my fond
Unending love to keep those lays
Unseen to others, till far days
Shall nobly tender them to her;
When she no longer shall demur,
Like poppy-blooms in August-morns,
To burn for me all that adorns
Her nubile Naiad-frame:
So pure, and without any shame!
O Muse, art thou like woman's mind
Disguising what gay truth should find
Upon the frank-flashed eye! I know
That thou hadst whispered me, through glow
Of Heaven's Love, that saddest strain:
To mitigate the eking pain

Consuming me—when lo—aright
Were all thy promptings—saved thy light!

THE MUSE.

As butterfly the virgin bloom,
So kiss I thee, thy love-lorn doom!
We are eternal friends—in Heaven
As well on earth, where there are given
To thee such gifts to take men's souls
To light—and glorify their goals,
They deem a darkness all inane—
O pity, pity those!

THE LONELY ONE.

Again

Inspire me with lofty themes,
Till, with my words, from soul's vast dreams
A western cloud-awe shall arise
To lead all to a new surprise.
O as the peasant loves the set
Of sun—as maid the violet
As nosegay for her lad—so be
My spalm, my roundelay—a glee
To hoary hairs—a rapture sweet
To dancing, or to hurrying feet!

THE MUSE.

So thou repentest of thy wrong—
Thou wilt rejoice in Heaven's song!

Oh! feel my breath, and know the truth :
My blessing blooms eternal youth!
O say in thine own wild, fond way
That thou wilt list to me alway!

THE LONELY ONE.

It is a song within my soul :
One summer's morn, by shining knoll,
By silvery brooklet, fragrant trees,
While passing all men's faculties
Before me, even as the west
Its sauntering shapes reviews—
While dreaming on in avenues
That led to possibilities
Of world's improvements—while with ease,
And languid thought I watched the brook,
And caught soft sounds in beechen nook :
A bird flew up—with liquid song
Filled all the silentness—along
The brooklet flitted—'bove the pine
Shot out of sight!—A flash divine
Flamed in my musing—joyously
My soul and heart I pledged to Thee,
O Muse, thou Soul of Heaven's glee!
That bird had its own lay—oh! free,
Uncensured sang harmoniously
To Nature, and to knowing man—
Like to its life, so I will plan
My days; and, as the bird's sweet song
Enraptured me, thine echoes throng

The hearts of those who listen deep
To thine own lays!

THE MUSE.

The mountain's steep
Seems low from where the deep blue lake
Reflects the shining green!

THE LONELY ONE.

Oh! take
Not what in me doth rise like flame!
The bird flew up with confidence
In all its lay—with His high Name
Will bloom my song!

THE MUSE.

Thy lofty sense
Includes thee to my votaries!
O let that bird bring melodies
Within thy life—so led, that men
Rejoice, when through their hazy ken
Thou fliest—even as that bird!

THE LONELY ONE.

To thee and thine be what had stirred
Within my soul! O I shall be
Heaven's thunderbolts; and lightnings free,
Shall pillar flames like Aetna's fire;
Make men astound with sweet-touched lyre,

As when a town-pent man perceives
In holt forlorn the trembling leaves,
And hears athrough a magic weaving:
Portentous preludes to a lay,
Presaging all the soul's upheaving
At knowledge of its future day.
O I shall be the ice that forms
When Winter ponders;—furious storms,
That trumpet to the woods the power
Of moods! From me shall blow, and shower
Adown on mankind that there be
One All—the true Divinity!
The echoes of my soul shall sound
To him and her—O all around
Man's thinking, actuating truth,
To wisely temper joys of youth!
The stars, in figures set up there
In night's all-ominous silentness,
Shall seem as brands on my high prayer,
Imploring for men's happiness!
Ah! as the surf seethes mysteries,
(Hale buoyancy—a salt sea-grave;
Eternal influx—ebbing seas;
Earth-eater—all the droughts to save; —
If in condensed air creatures live
Why not in ether rarified,
Another life?)—so will I give
All what my surging soul, so wide,
And boundless, whispers—moans—
Sings occult sooths in undertones!

THE MUSE.

I see the tremulous Light of Heaven —
To all true poets ever given—
Glow over thee!—e'en as the gleam
Of Orient joy! O keep thy dream,
As though it were thy holy love.
With me sing of the stars above—
Decipher all their figures—show
To man they signal Heaven's glow!

THE LONELY ONE.

O joy that boundeth through the soul,
Even as after thunder's roll,
When in the luminous west a haze
Doth blear the silvery falling blaze—
Like thought unboded—springs the bow
Of iridescent bands in glow!
O joy, when, all untutored, high,
Before unthought-of lore uprises
Within the soul! how it surprises!
What worthy proof that potency,
Apart of schoolman's say,
Enters our soul with instructive lay!
O Muse, thou sheddest on me lore
My brain has never known before!

THE MUSE.

Who knoweth how the grass doth green—
How rain's upheld below the sheen

Of liquid-lipping sun! Who saw
The moment when the white fields thaw—
And when the grey bark teems in sap—
When flowers color Spring's bright lap.
Who thinks that sparkling stars could be
Glow-gems held up by laws they see
Reflected in the clouds that roll
And thunder;—who may read the scroll
That Nature keeps unfolded!—so
My visitings come secretly,
To others unbeheld; they glow
In thy wild verses—praising me!

THE LONELY ONE.

Through thee I know why stars are shining,
Why clouds appear with silver lining.
O Muse, my friend, through thee the gift
By means of words, men's thought to lift
To regions, where faith's calm and glee
Face Soul's Eternity!
O Muse, as once thou hadst inspired
Melodious Beethoven—fired
His soul to cry that highest aim
Of earthly life is not a fame—
But to be seeking Heaven's Halls;
When found, in blissful voice proclaim
To all the Elysian prodigals
Of raptures never known to shame,
Or to voluptuous sensuousness.
So kindle my brain's rich fagots—bless

Me, so to sing of soul's delights
To him whom yet his clay benights!

THE MUSE.

When through the evening dun
Arises slow, austere, the moon,
The earth's disquietude
Is calmed—for o'er night's deep
Sunbeams their reign yet keep,
Till morn's awakening brood
Of Sun-rays fill the air
With signs of constancy.
O Child, so know I thee,
Filled with soul's Heaven fair; —
That when thy day will come
To glow again—thy tomb
Shall be those songs, full-toned,
Augmented, symphonic, sweet;
Till like sun's rays they greet
A morn that all dead poets owned!

THE LONELY ONE.

As lilies the morning dew,
As evening the tinted hue:
So feel I thy rare kiss,
O Muse!

THE MUSE.

Now write! and wish
That ever I shall be
Thy friend in woe, or glee!

THE LONELY ONE.

I see thee melting slowly
Into the unknown! Again
Appear to commune holy,
To weave a flowered strain!

O thou wilt be mine soon
More scores of times more dear,
For to thine inspiration's cheer
Will mate experience's boon!

THE MUSE.

Experience is the moon—
The Sun is inspiration!

THE LONELY ONE.

O Knowledge is the moon—
The Sun is soul's elation!

Paris, France (1887).

NOVEMBER EVE.

(Ten Years After—1897).

THE MUSE.

Art thou asleep, my silent one,
That when the trees are glowing

In red and saffron to the sun
Thy feet are no more going
To lonely nooks in woodlands fair,
Or stray o'er fields now almost bare?

Art thou an alien to the dells—
To streams, and gorges wild;
For once, when autumn drearily tells
Her hectic tale, my Child,
Thou wouldst stand awe-bound on the plain
To view the sun-glow aft' the rain!

Thou wouldst be loitering alone
Like bard of olden time,
Upon the hillside, flower o'ergrown,
To *hearken* for a rhyme—
To *listen* for a ballad—or to see
The action for a tragedy!

Sing, Lonely One, for still in strife
Thou art, though ten long years
Were time enow to cheer thy life
That then knew wail and tears:—
O must thou sing a song of woe
When now the autumn woodlands glow!

THE LONELY ONE.

Arousest thou me, as in days afar,
Out of dreariness and lethargy?
O Muse, thou art come like that guiding star

Through the cloud rack, riven o'er the sea,
That shows the lost mariner the Southern
Cross,

So they steer their ship in safety!

Thou art come to me like in hurtling war,

When truce comes aft' long hours of loss
and loss.

Thou dost ask me why no longer I roam

Through the woods, by the gorges, and
fields.

O Muse, they were once my passion and my
home.

Now my lyre to songs of mankind yields.

Aye too well do I know I forsake the wood;

But now my sad mind humanity wields—

And to the welfare of man a fair tome

I indite—so I live in sad solitude.

THE MUSE.

Whilom, ten years ago thy mind

Was gifted for that service rare;

But then through cold November wind

Thou wouldst slow wander here and there

Away from loud-voiced streets and man—

To dream in Nature of some Heaven-built
plan!

Then wouldst thou wander all alone

Near to the alleysed Tuilleries,

And dream of France's long-dead throne,
And hear kings sigh within the breeze—
Then wouldst thou stand when moonlight
glowed,
On Pont des Arts, all while the swift Seine
flowed.

Then wouldst thou gaze upon the moon
That shone above the Bourbon Palace—
Then still thou foundest for thee a boon
To walk down boulevards and alleys:
Arriving home, thy lyre wouldst take
And sing great themes that kept thy gifts
awake.

But now thou seemest like old age
Forsaking joy and company—
And in thy song-book not one page
Glowes radiant with one melody.
O why art thou forlorn, though years have
passed?
Can ill-hap with lone tears forever last?

THE LONELY ONE.

O Muse, it seems some are ill-fated men,
And never may they see bright days again.
Ten years I've wrought fair work for thee and
thine—
Rapt Pao and Euterpe all divine!

But through those studious hours not an one
Encouraged me—I must needs work alone!
My friends—and one I helped in hours of
need—

They are high on the steps of Fame, indeed;
While I am as I was when musing deep
In France's capital. For work I reap
But cold neglect, and my utter loneliness—
Obscure am I, with not a love's caress—
E'er fashioning anew without reward—
Still hoping as my *will* such can afford,
Still willing sing in praise of God and Love,
Still trusting that Heaven is a world above!

THE MUSE.

Last night I saw the crescent low
Above the roofs, between two spires, glow;
Th' horizon, like a dim-lit arrassed wall,
Had dun-tinged purple clouds as pall;
And drearily the north-wind blew,
While o'er the zenith, as aft' a storm, the
clouds
Wore heavily; but 'mong stray crowds
Upon the streets I knew
Thee not to stand observant there—
But absent-minded was thy worried stare!

THE LONELY ONE.

Too much engrossed in the sad tricks men use

To scale the height of fame:—the means they
choose

To be renowned for one short month at best.

Too sad in heart to know that love is foam—

Too sober thinking of the poor distressed—

Of those who have no bread nor decent home.

I cannot gaze upon the luminous moon,

Nor gaze athrill at stars without as soon

Feeling wrath swell within my manly breast.

Yet must I curb my ire reluctantly.

Therefore I think for those in misery.

THE MUSE.

Though no one knows of all thy songs

And thoughts—and fair creations manifold—

'Tis strange that still thy spirit throngs

To me—far from the life of gold!

THE LONELY ONE.

Gain were a shallow substitute for song:

For, soon as profits show they aye must go;

But soon as melodies my spirit throng

They linger—then I make them eternal so!

O there are those who love their fineries—

Who love loud boyish sport—though age
should change them;

Who look disdainfully at a poet's pleasures,

Deriding all of his high imageries!
They may invoke the fates to give them luck:
They lived a life haphazard, far from good;
But when they die they may not asphodel
 pluck
From off the brow of Fame as artists would.
They die—whereas I know philosophy,
The arts, live on through all eternity.

THE MUSE.

Loud is the city with rapt cries—
 Mock-pyres flame within the street—
The band plays popular melodies—
 Sky-rockets rise, and burst up high;
But in the crowds I do not meet
Thee, loved one—thou art never nigh.

THE LONELY ONE.

Why should I mingle with the populace
 That jeers at lofty thought and laughs at
 dreams?
Or wish to vote for men who will efface
 The primal statutes in the Republic's book?
The parties are at strife—the factions look
 Distrustingly at all—and, so it seems,
Our states are principalities at best,
 For unity is but a myth—a word;
The parties quarrel at the point of sword—

Republicans hate democrats ; and the rest
Of odd-named factions are at loggerhead
With one another. Are they all *one* nation ?
“The States” belie their once fair given epithet.

“Dis-union” would serve better nowadays,
For their “campaigning” is a degradation
To the pure age of Jeffersonian ways !

I cannot quite believe the *people’s* voice
Should rule the governor’s or president’s
choice ;

But abstract names, such as “integrity,”
“Broad-mindedness,” “good heart,” “high
aims,” should be

Like individual voters : then our land
Would be a nation honored, fair and grand.
But, as it is, our politics are a game,
And low at best—played by stout men who aim
T’ enrich their pockets, while they their land
defraud

And praise the Devil when they should praise
God.

We scorn our mother country for her throne
When we have tyrant rulers in our own.
No sceptres carry they, nor golden crown ;
But they command, and tread the people down.
Tioga’s most resplendent son rules all ;
The people subjects are—are held in thrall ;
The rulers banquet, when the people’s fare

Is scant, and poverty lurks everywhere.
The olden reign it is, I know—and vain
It is to preach Christ's sermon high again.
For as He was once crucified—to-day
He'd reap worse sentence and be Scorn's own
prey!

The constitution for a nation's glory
Is written in true Liberty's fair story;
But such can never be on earth—'tis given
To such who feel and know the ways of
Heaven.

But as they are so few, they walk alone
In midst the ignorant, selfish population,
As planets glow and roll in exaltation;
Yet, by the multitude of stars around
They seem like lost. The state ideal is shown
By rare unselfishness—is heavenly crowned
By feelings all humane—and robed in white
By fair Simplicity, and soul's own light
Sways all; but on this earth such cannot be,
Since most men are possessed of Satan free.
Low gain is like a parasite—and greed
Has smothered friendship, love and God, in-
deed.

So, Muse, I would not desecrate thy name
That one, thine own, should bow to theft and
shame.

I keep me noble, fain to serve my land

By song sublime—and counsel fair and grand.
A citizen—not servile—but all vain
To be a voice that God should rule again.

THE MUSE.

Ah! many are the stems of grain
That sway to Notus on the plain.
But, oh! how few the azure flowers
That blow in midst those waving bowers—
So in the world: of million men
That live all earthly, only ten
Have Christ-like souls—or have the sight
Of God—or try to spread Truth's light.
Hence may no fair millenium be
Till all love soul's sublimity!
O Lonely One, since only song
May keep thee cheery, dost thou long
To be at rest from worldly strife?
Since thou hast never found a wife
Because all girls *hate* love and soul,
And only make vain show their goal:
Wouldst thou not better be Heaven-flown
Than sing and work and dream alone?
Doth not the sand-flower, lemon fair,
Upon the foothills near the sea
By lone Del Mar wish dead to be?
For no man comes—nor through the air
No eagle wings his glorious way—
For on the crumbled sand it blows,

Forsaken by all other flowers.
It lives its solitary day,
Unsought by bird or cooling showers—
Yet of its solitude it knows,
As thou art conscious of thy woes.

THE LONELY ONE.

We take strange fate as best we may—
As best we may.

We must suppose God made our clay
For March and May,
For winter or for fall's array.

He made me, as He made the flower.

Upon the foothills it blooms fair;
It serves something—within its hour;
So must I be of use somewhere.

That flower blows, though all alone—
Though all alone;

And patiently without a moan
As though 'twas shown
By unseen souls a radiant throne.

It opens all its petals at morn
And dazzles in the sun through day,
And sleeps through night, though all forlorn—
So will I make my life its way!

Why die when yet the mind is bright—
The mind is bright:

When to my soul dreams bring me light,
 For new delight
 To nerve me for a Heavenly sight.
O Muse, though I'm alone, unwed,
 Like a flower that blows alone, yet fair—
God made it, by some purpose led—
 So must I be of use *somewhere!*

THE MUSE.

O Lonely One—though ten long years
 Have gone—and thou hadst seen all life:
The hovel, palace; laughter and tears:
 And though not blessed wi' a loving wife;
Within thy soul thou art as pure
 As when we sang together there;
And though temptations oft would lure
 Thee from the poet's path—by men
Of soul thou shalt be loved alway—
 For thou hast kept Christ-like the soul's
 high Lay!

New York City.

THE POET.

O listen! how the poet sings!
His songs are Rivers from eternal Springs.
O listen to the birds in linden-trees—
How they mingle with the humming of work-
 loving Bees!
Their songs and hummings are from one great
 Sound,
Which reverberates thro' the Inane's illimit-
 able Profound.

POETRY.

Purple-petaled, perfect paragon,
 Purest, pleading Poetry!
Pulsing peeress, purfled; proud upon
 Proving poesy purity!

ALL I WISH FOR.

Oh! All I wish for, when I'm weary-grown,
Are the sweet poets of all centuries.
To read in dreamy mood the melodies
They wrote when they were by sweet Poesy
 blown

On softest winds to isles, so fairy-grown,
That conning them evoked fair purities
Of song and thought—so all their imageries
Replenish my lorn mind that dwells alone.

O lays that lull the moody mind to rest,
And rune-like lines that chant of hero's hoar.
Then thoughts got from fair Nature's endless store;
And tunes taught them when sleeping on
Love's breast.
So would my weariness be spellèd then,
By songs writ by those Heaven-elected men.

SONG-FLOOD.

O God, they say Poetry is genius-gift;
That poetry should be prized supreme of
of Thee.
Yet I write all with such facility,
As tho' some Angel led my hand, to shift
Over the page with lightning swiftness on.
I fear me; like the levin are my songs;
The myriad-minded to the stars belongs—
They gyrate, act in orbits all their own!

How fleet my pen—how fair the pictures
drawn!

A day hath many visions for my scroll;

And yet I live all-lonely with my soul.

O let me, singing, soar within thy Dawn,

A lark, tho' shot at by the world's low
scorn,

Arising, fulgent, in Thine eternal Morn!

YOUR POET.

I.

I will be your poet!

But he is a delicate, little thing,

Who must be treated well—

If you want him ever to sing!

He must not be a thing to sell—

But like we treasure

A holiday pleasure,

So must you think of him—and ward him well!

For he is a delicate little thing,

Like the butterfly's radiant wing.

So if you treat him well—

Then I will be your poet!

II.

I will be your poet!

But he is a tender, sensitive child,

Like the Angel in mid-heaven—

And must be ever pleasingly beguiled;
By sweetest impulses ever driven.

You must him be loving,

As him who never needs reproof.

So must you see in him a soul from Heaven
given!

For he is a tender, sensitive child—

Like the blushing rose in the woodland's
wild.

So if you think him born of Heaven—

Then I will be your poet!

(1883)

WHEN THE SPIRITS COME.

O when the Spirits come I know:

A word bobs up before my mind;

Then follow others, and they glow

With justest colors, but Heaven can find.

But there arises a combat sweet—

As Jacob's with Gabriel at his feet:

To listen to those Spirits, or no;—

Be prudish as a blushing maiden's bosom;

Or be soft lightning, with its glow,

To show to man the thought-flashed blossom.

O when the Spirits come, I know them—

Like swift gold sparkles from the flowered
stream,

Words bubble in me, where they flow them—
Even as lily-burdened waters flow
To meadows, where virgins marjoram
strow!

And they are strains for a Heaven-theme.

I struggle to believe they're showing
Me all that glitters in man's knowing;
Till, like the woodrose, on the brooklet's barm,
Is drenched, and flows with the streamlet
warm!

So resistless is the showering of their blessings

That momentary am I lost in vary dressings:
O paraments so airy—spirit-like—that I
Dream only of their immortality!

O when the Spirits come, I know—
A word bobs up before my mind—
Then others bubble—and they glow
With colors their own, but Heaven could
find.

THE POET.

He is the Mouth-piece of the world;
The Nation's banner bold unfurled—
Waving in the ensilvered sun.
Before creation was begun
Within the Godhead's mind he was.
Precious he as crysoprass;
And rare as Kohinoor of old—
A treasure, never to be sold.
For he is one with mystery.
Not of the human womb is he—
His birth is in the spirit's birth—
Years aft' he breathed upon this earth.
Him guide the glorious Seraphim;
Those, whom the patriarchs of eld
Of sudden in their dreams beheld;
And taught them of great Elohim.
He is of cosmic light—he wields
His virtues as the Angels shields
In the grim war with Lucifer,
What time th' angelic host did stir
The stars and planets 'gainst the reign
Of Evil. He nor to the says
Of priest, nor to the specious ways
Of magnate, or of trade-man sways—
He flouts their aims and makes them vain.
He is the sturdy oak that views

From craggy bluff the spreading vale;
Him all the loving spirits choose
To deliver to man God's mystic tale—
For he in sudden moments sees
Deep thro' life's many mysteries.
He labors not, but lightning-thought
Empowers him. No man has taught
Him what in songs he brings to bloom—
His knowledge blossoms out of gloom.
When, sad and sorrowing, he dreams
By flower, or hill-crest in the morn—
Then vital prophesy fast streams
From his soul; and thus his song is born.
Him more the Spirit's life delights—
But he from casual man invites
Some mundane happenings, to cull
From them earth-doings; then transmutes
Them into epics beautiful,
Or lyrics, soft as sounds from lutes.
He to the general world seems most
As on a drowsy summer-day:
A momentary gale its way
Glides through the trees—whose boughs are
 tosst,
Whose leaves a-tremble are with song—
And all the air is cool as wave—
So he strows music to the throng,
His magic words their lorn minds lave.
He walks the earth in loneliness;
A hermit in the soul's vast realm—

A few he finds that to him confess
Their heart-pangs; none will overwhelm
Him with earth-blessings; he alone
Walks; man but gives to him a stone—
Yet when he's dead, the world bestows
On him high honor—such that glows.

(1906)

TO THE MOUNTAIN BROOKLET.

What use for amrit, or youth's quintessence
rare;

For gin, great Byron's guide to Fancy's
nook;

When I can write close to thee, babbling
brook,

And feel thy wave's breath floating on the air!

Why drink the Rhenish wines, or those of Cos;
Or those of Sicily—of Marathon—

When I can relish thee, when I'm alone—
And be inspired with songs full glorious!

Away from sun-exposed summits green;

By thee sweet words flow from my fluent
pen.

I drink thy cool wine, and, within the glen,
Thy rush, thy babble and thy mutter between,
Invite the muse to me, and then I deem
My work is but a summer's pleasant dream!

(1894)

CONTRAST.**(Stephen Crane—His Great Funeral.)**

With pomp—pall-bearers, friends and stately
train

His funeral was held the other day—

Young, yet with no great work, or glorious
lay,

That should deserve the laurel, Stephen Crane
Was buried as if he were greater far —

Than Keats, or Poe, or Otway, they whose
grave

Was wreathed but long years aft' their
death, and gave

The world sweet perfect works, bright as a
star!

Such is the world—it is so dull to ring

Loud praise to those whose talents choose
light themes—

But cannot find th' creators, they whose
dreams

Are passports to the spirit's marvellings—

Who of the world had honored Schubert,
Poe—

All who wrought deathless works from strife
and woe!

(1900)

POETS.

It seems we poets great are fettered strong
To dull humanity. In higher spheres
We did some strange all-punishable wrong,
And now we roam alone 'mongst tears and
cheers
Of this world's common women and their men.
Else why should we have larger thought
than they—
And greater aptitude—and fairer ken—
And seek forever for the higher, fairer Day?
Nought that fair Terra's people love we share,
Save love the freshness of the fields and
woods;
But ever while we roam discons'late there
Our hearts are sore in sorrow's solitudes.
For we are other than the motley crowd:
We think of worlds ringing with anthems
loud!

(1898)

THE POET.

There clings to poet-souls a mystery:
A mystery unknown to other souls;
A strangest sense, that leads them on to
goals,
Unsought by trade-enslaved humanity.

Many walk through the ruins of glorious
Rome—
When, tired, they seek a place to quaff cool
wine—
There ling'ring—with a vacant stare; no
sign
That to their minds come thoughts of love or
home.

But see! at that small table sits a poet—
He wandered by the walls, Tiberius-
wrought—
And saw the Alps, and Plain; and Tiber's
wave.
He sits—but all his soul is lit, O, know it!
With sudden images and glorious thought—
He *writes* there a new song the Spirits gave!
Rome, March 24, 1901.

"To-day no one writes lays divine;
 To speak of love's affection, woe—
 Disdain does not from their base lips flow."
(Torq. Tasso 1479)

SONNET.

Thou too, O poet, much maligned through life,
 And tortured by the little men, and fate—
 Thou knewest well that most of mankind
 hate

To dwell on love that in the soul is rife.
 But time and mankind have not changed since
 then—

Three hundred years ago! To-day love lies
 Enshrouded; left forlorn; and all men's eyes
 Stare fierce for paltry gain in town or glen.

Methinks, when dreaming of thy carking woes,
 Torquato, fair Sorrento's genius-child!
 That minds, who dote on worldly transient
 shows,

Can never by love's glories be beguiled;
 And that 'tis genius only that lives high
 In thought of Heaven's Love-Serenity!

February 16, 1899.

JONES VERY.

God-reared, and Nature-fledged, thy soul up-
 rose,
Like glorious sun, to light the earth's dark
 air;
Like morning-melodies, thy songs are fair;
Like rocks along the shore, thou borest woes
Of life's resurgent sea—and mighty throes
 Of soul and heart were melted in the care
 Thou feltest in this foul world everywhere.
O Very, God-invited;—manhood's rose!

Yes, rose; the fairest in man's garden-thought!
 Since Christ had forfeited his life for man,
 No singer bloomed like thou on this earth's
 span;
For thou hadst rung the God-loved shell, so
 frought
With hope-songs, and that singing reverent,
That whoso reads loves with the God-Head
 to be blent!

GREATNESS.

Who knows the sun but after it is down?

Too full of light, it rolled past their dim
gaze;

The dim, dull gaze o' the world in bustle's
maze.

At morn they slept; and saw not his gold
crown.

At noon they worried when he silvery shone.

At eve they dozed; and saw not his gold
blaze.

Then night came: and they shuddered in
amaze

That light and warmth with his still death had
gone!

Ah, me! So is it with the great in soul,

With poets, and all great men striving on.

No one doth notice, as no one the sun—

That, as the sun doth o'er the heavens roll,

A great light filled the world with truth and
song.

Yet when he's dead, they rue for all their
wrong!

WHO UNDERSTANDS HIM?

O who can understand
The poet's scope—the poet's land?
None other but the poet;
For he doth bask on Fancy's strand—
And dreams, holding Imagination's hand—
He seems a god on peaks reclining
And looks on earth, her secrets deep divining—
O therefore none can know it
But he who is a poet wild and sweet—
A poet singing ever fair and meet.

The depths, the heights,
He delves to see the soul's great lights
None knoweth but the poet—
For others only seek to find
The pleasures of the earthly mind;
The poet seeks in solitude the world,
Where God's high scroll will be unfurled
And poets only show it;
For when a poet sings, an Angel shows
Him all the super-world that glows.

O who can feel the flow
Of thoughts that but the poets know?
No other man can know it—
For when a poet sings and dreams

Then all this world but vapor seems—
And in a land of fairest love and glowing
He thinks he is where rarest tunes are flowing,
And he is but a poet—
Whom all the world deems mad, I ween—
Because the world his fair thoughts hath not
seen!

November 14, 1899.

THE POET.

Within his marvel-mind, and canorous clay
There dwell like two sweet-loving essences
The delicate breath of flowers' perfumeries,
And strength of the wide, sturdy oak alway!

He hath the feelings of some hundred hearts
Of maidens, all rare given to sweet love;
And hath the wildness of ten men, that
shrove

For heinous crime in city's darkest parts.

So may he all know, feel, express, and sing;
May curse, and love; perjure; or slay or
weep,

For in his being *all* men's passions keep
Their home—not running loose, or rioting—
But ever guarded by the God-like power
That fashions his song as to a jewel-flower!

GENIUS.

Thou art like the unresting ocean's deep!

E'er changing in thy moods, and hues of
mind!

Now calm in sun, then wild in Eastern wind.

Forever fluent—refluent—ne'er asleep;

Now mounting, then down-gliding, in thy
tide.

Thou, fluid, never art exact, but thou

Dost change like water's bosom the blessed
one's brow;

By thee the ocean's changes aye abide.

So avaunt! thou man who dost thyself repeat;

Exact like chisselled stone dost work away—

Dull, *dry* sand-earth is all for thy work-day.

But fly to me, thou Genius, *liquid*-sweet—

Reflecting *all* within thy fluid-soul:

Thou lone, great mind; Heaven's realm thy
glorious goal!

THE POET.

Say not the poet is a useless man,

Is like the trill from mocking-bird—

And mars dull mankind's money plan,

And is not worth a praiseful word.

Say not that he doth lead a life
For from trade's wheel-utility—
Nor tell his hours with cant are rife—
Nor that his years roll lazily!

Ah! doth not he alone give balm
To wearied hearts;—to merchant-minds,
All aft' their toil, he giveth calm—
So they're refreshed, as with soft winds.

What would the traders in despair
Do, had they not some poet's lay—
To read, that braced them—so they dare
To live again the next long day!

The world of trade is like a waste—
All sand—and gray monotony;
Yet God as He rare flowers placed
On earth, so with sweet Poetry.

He let the poets sing atune
With Nature—mankind, and the stars—
So know him as your flower-boon
Who sings to heal fate's smarting scars!

Ah! wreathe him with rare laurels green—
He writes what Heaven sings to him;
His song is what High God's has been
Since Angels sang: Our Eloim.

Say not the poet is a useless man—
Spends lazy years of dreams and song—
He's just as needful in rare Nature's plan
As men who trade their life-time long!
October 12, 1894.

WOMAN-FLOWERS.

We poets are like honey-seeking bees.
What numbers, all-untold, of flowers
They sip, to find gold-sweetnesses.
On plain, on field, in woodland-bowers!
So must we strangely-minded mortals live
To find new song that flower-women give.

Yet, though the many deem us strange,
We have our honey-hives well stored;
And like the bees that in their grange
Live in sweet honey, songs afford
To us sweet thought on lonely days; so we
Pass thro' the years in tender melody!

No time is squandered; for we breathe
To sing, which is for our delight.
When we find flowers, for them we wreathe
Song-chains, so honey-sweet, and bright.
Ah, me! as bees sip mel in wood's recess,
We poets find songs in woman's loveliness.

TO MY MUSE.

Thou Muse! art first of all my wild, sweet
powers.

Neglect of thee shall never soil my day.

But thee I worship first: I sing my lay
Sweet votive to thy inspiration's showers,
Before I court gay Pao with her flowers.

For thou dost come to me, sweet, there to
stay

But for short moments; so, with no delay,
I write what in me sings: thy kindest dowers.

Sweet pictures have their life all-tangible;

But songs and thoughts burst but within the
soul:

And are mysterious; aye! they in me roll
As breakers glorious, born by hidden spell.

So will I ne'er forego thy whispers rare;

But first list to my soul's tunes, past com-
pare!

GOD IS SPIRIT.

How most are sore misled by pope and priest
To think that God hath arms and feet and
eyes—

He is the Spirit, live on land, in skies—

And matter is made of motion, at least.

Our bodies are the shells of soul's rare life—

God is in all that have a thought in them—

God's works are wrought from out His An-
dem

Of Light and Spirit, with fair Wisdom rife!

All works of man are first evolved in thought,

And afterwards his hands transfer them fast

To visible, material forms, to last!

The more of spirit in a man, and caught

At moments when the Angel whispers low—

The greater is man's work—heir of God's
glow!

THE MUSE WILL WHISPER SOON AGAIN.

There is a lull come to my lucid singing

As when on rocky shores the splashes cease

And silence broods! But sounds will soon
increase,

Till like a vale where village maids are bring-
ing

Their flowery tribute to May's fair upspringing

Oh! all the vale is tremulous with song

And laughter rises from the gladsome
throng—

While all the air with joyous din is ringing.

There is a something that directs us dreamers
In art, in poesy or in music' hours!
Last week 'twas Pao flaunted her pried stream-
ers

That made my brushes show my painting-
powers.
So will this lull in singing soon be broken—
And I from Fancy get her sweetest token!

* * * * *

With extasy I think of the fate-tended days
To come!
The days that wait for me—
(In the long, broad-hollow chain of
Time!)
In whose green brilliancy
My Muse's silver-bells will chime:
In greener groves—on blossomier fields—on
nearer ways
To my tomb!

* * * * *

And I have borne the cold
Way in my heart's deep cavern—where
It froze my love—and made it bare—
A mystery as fold!

And my weird soul had felt
The whiffs, that waved from forth my heart;
It felt—as when our dear ones part—
We know not where they dwelt!!

A CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

Tu as vu de vaste fantômes entourant ton ame.
Au soir ; et dans la nuit, quand le silence
 reigne.

Au bords des fleuves bosqués ; en parcourant la
 plaine.

Dans les villes peuplées ton coeur sentait la
 flamme

De l'amour pur, du luxure. Dans tes rimes,
Qui coulent comme les cataractes au clair de
 lune,

Ta vision surhumaine chantait de la brune
Déesse Beauté, reine des cieus et des abimes !

O Baudelaire ! tu m'as été inconnu toujours ;
Ce n'est qu' aujourd'hui que j'ai lu tes "Fleurs
 du Mal."

Ton chant sonore m'a ébloui l'esprit dormeur.

O beau poète, seul dans la France des an-
 ciens jours.

J'aime les pensées qui hors de ton orgue royal
S'écoulent en harmonie plein d'une triste
 douleur !

(1907)

OUR SOUL.

Our soul is like the perfume of the flower—
That wafts away, when withered lie
The petals, the sapless stem and petiole.

Our soul is like the sounds of harmony
That, when the salt-waves shoreward roll,
Melt in the far, far west—where shadows
cower!

* * * * *

O Marvel, O Wonder!

As are invisible the joyouces of our soul—
So art Thou, O Everlasting Benefactor, God!

O God! who knoweth Thee!

Not he who wills all done to his vain brain—
Nor he who deems all wrought from mortal
powers—

But he who feels his soul soft-cooled in bless-
ing rain—

Who deems himself Thy child at all of earth-
ly hours.

As are invisible the joyances of our soul—
So art Thou, O God! Creator, Friend and All!
O Marvel! O Wonder!

THE SOUL.

It doth beset me: the eternal truth.

My soul is one with the huge Cosmos.

I see it soar—it is eternal youth—

I pant, expire—but my soul is soaring!

'Tis real—I've tasted of th' eternal soul—

I've felt its wing upon my daily musing—

And though the towers ring—the spires toll,

I'm gazing on you, with my joying Spirit.

It doth beset me, oh! the rapturous joy:

My soul is mingled with the eternal Allah—

I see it in its essence—no annoy—

I breathe; I'm cold—but ever soars my
Spirit.

O I have felt the Spirit touch my thinking—

O I have watched it coming while I dreamed

O laugh, my soul! they think all is hard mat-
ter—

But thou art what thou never yet hadst
seemed—

'Tis real: I've tasted of the cosmic thrill—

Good bye, you proud ones! O my conscience's
still—

My soul is mingled with the lasting Allah!

* * * * *

And I have felt the chill

Of this world' burthened mystery

Deep in my bones!—and cooling me,

Like a cool midnight-rill!

LIFE.

Life is a choice
Between the outer and the inner voice.
Life is a cheat—
The unseen is the real—the seen will fleet!

FIRE.

O divinest Fire!
Like ever uprising desire,
Through thee we do regain
Our powers!
As earth blooms fair in rain:
Heaven's fruiting showers!

When chilled we be, as is the snow-drop in the
swift March-wind,
Thou permeating subtlety! through thee we
e'er refind
What makes us breathe and move; as to the
mellow airs
That May, O radiant child! as her spell-gar-
ment wears:
To enfold the thousand buds and blooms;
To flower all the sods of all earth's tombs!

As mystified as the moon must be
When she sees her proud Dame erubescence and
 glow
And ring her involving circles with delight:
Now dipping in gloaming—then uprising from
 night—
So a mystery will envelope my awe
When, through the fire's live candescence a law
Evolves—uplooming at last to a living Essence
O gloriously showing an ever-rekindling Presence!
 O divinest Fire—
Like man's ever changing desire!

THE ANGELS WILL WHISPER AGAIN.

I begged the Angels ring their flower-bells—
 With flower-songs to fill my musing soul!
I prayed to let me write what Heaven tells—
 Sweet-tune to lay divine our dumb, dark
 goal.

O Angels, now I know why you have left me
 To let me live with no song's golden fruit-
 age—
O now methinks to feel why you've bereft me
 Of fair harmonious flow, and lulling lullage!

The moon pitched down the Western wavy
 . deep—

The moon hung high above the evening-star ;
The moon rose 'baft the Eastern ebon steep—
The moon forsook the world and wandered
 far !

One moon and more ago, the Angels richly
 filled me

With Wisdom ; whispered me with lightning
 verbiage—

They flashed, through soul and heart, stern
 words that thrilled me—

As sad wind, moving through the river-
 cooled herbage !

But lo ! their language lost the balm that quick-
 ens,

Methought no more that they had chosen
 me ;

But lo ! the days, when sorrow our thinking
 sickens—

Have caved songs virile strength and ex-
 tasy !

A potency more magical than magian's,
Must bring its wand before mine endless
 dreaming—

To fast conjure those heavenly-gifted legions
That like the vaster Djinns have their
 strange seeming !

Then will my song sweet-harp those olden
days—

My sparkling plectrum strike the long-sung
tunes—

And through the even, when the virgin prays,
The wind will herald them as blessing boons!

The moon must wander past the unknown sun-
star—

The moon must cozen the curious orient
wise-men—

The moon must glow, and fatten by eve's
throne-star—

The moon must redden, ere cleaving the
eastern-skies wan!

One moon and more shall see the words that
take

Their hues from wolds and vales of Para-
dise—

And from the gold empyrian Cherubs wake:

To glory knowledge, for the coming Skies!

Angels, now I bid no quick return of singing—

Yet in me are the truths, like rivers min-
gling;

Angels, each new day rich thoughts are sooth-
says bringing—

In trust my all from rapture-pulse is tin-
gling! -

(1883)

SONG.

Why shed a gloom upon thy heaven's soul
Because no mortal lauds thy soothing song—
Be satisfied that when thy earthly goal
Be reached—thy works will aye keep fair
and strong;
For thou art crowned!
The Spirits owned
Thy mind thro' youth's and manhood's hours—
At death thou reapest Glory's radiant dowers.

The Angels wreathed with fadeless asphodel
Thy poet-brow these years of solitude—
Care not if jealous pens foreswore to tell
The world that thou with wisdom wast im-
bued;
For thou wast crowned
In youth, when Spirits owned
Thy mind and filled it fair with melodious
thought—
Be glad! thou hast the fond acclaim of God.

Why shed a tear within thy glorious soul,
Because none read thy songs from Heaven
blown?

Be happy that no one can change thy goal—
That ushers thee to worlds with glory
 strown.

For thou art crowned!

The Spirits owned

Thy poet soul since first thy song was born.
Sing joy! at death thou'lt hail God's wondrous
 Morn!

March, 1907.

WHY.

Why madest thou, O God!

 The poet, filled with beauty rare,

But never gavest him

A woman fairest-fair?

Must songs be like the rainbow's life

 That lives but after storm and rain?

 Ah! poet never wrote his sweetest strain

But after loss in love or strife!

For harshly treated he

By women voluptuous and fine.

My fairest lays but show

Their lovelinesses all divine.

But they will never love me true.

 They shun my ways forevermore.

Ah! is my life sad matin-dew

 Along a flowerless, desolate shore?

Why madest thou, O God!

The poet, thrilled by all that's fair.

Yet beauty rarely glows

Near him; no woman is there!

Must poets be like summer's glow,

That comes but after showery hours?

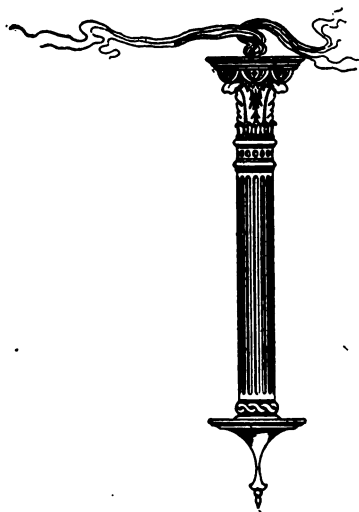
Ah! poet ever wrote from deepest woe,

From *tears* wove chains of immortal
flowers!

(1893)



ELEGIAC POEMS



VICTOR—A FRAGMENT.**(Laurel Hill, 1885.)**

O Victor!—How that name doth pour a flood
Of thoughts, and reveries!—a stream of joy—
A sense of melancholy, and a mood
Of awe impressing deep in me its bane.
For thou art gone! Dead! . . . dead! . . . and dead
Is being lost to our eye; dead: it withholds
From us the joy to press thy hand—to gaze
Upon thee—dead! . . . and what may blow to
breathe

Thy life again!—Oh! unintelligible Death!!
Here, here I ask of Thee divulge Thy sooth—
Unveil Thy mystery . . . but on the bland breeze
blows;

And not a revelation whispers here—
Nor sings the tune-grown sway of wandering
air

A lore that once Thy might had swelled within
The breast of him, who knew Thee, far in days
When Eden was garlanded to glow and glad-
den!

Thou gone! and all the season liveth on!
The oaks sprout forth their leaves—and pines
Outspread their harping arms; all lives—
Outlives the dead! Alone thou mayest not

Be here!—gone; gone forever!.. History
Builds its towers indestructible—and fills
The earth with lay and sermon—but the dead
Are lost! and their speech murmurs no, no
more!

High art proclaims yet proudest workmanship;
Hath audible answer to the questioning
tongues;

And states uprise—and roar their revolutions;
But not a voice doth syllable thy name—
Forgotten! dead!—and who knew that there
lived

Such tender youth as thou! untimely lost!
Oh, terrible catastrophe in mind's confines:
To delve Death's mystery—when, bound on
bound,

Repelling rocks are hurled against the too
Inquisitive interrogator!—Dead!

And here I sit—and muse of thee, O Brother!
Here, where we twain enjoyed the hours, we
played,

And spake in accents, child is wont to prate
Exulting in the arms of Nature! Thou
Whose fate ordained a grave in youth's sweet
prime—

Art thou beholding me—and sheddest thou
A tear that thy lone brother yet hath life
Upon this sphere;—or hast thou Angel-power!
And hoverest o'er me, fain dictating me,
As on my words gush all the swell of thought

That thou and thy demise evoke! . . . O Spirit!
Tell, tell, what lashes all my soul, to see the
 face
Of Death! to join hands—and to feel the thrill
Of Death's embrace!

And this the month that saw
Thee ope thine eyes unto strange scenes—when
 dark
Of womb had brightened, and the light of
 Nature's all
Pervaded thy whole being! These the lawns,
And orchards; groves and hills, that felt thy
 feet—
So wayward, fleet as bound the kids o'er their
Sweet quiet! These the warbles; these the
 breezes,
The airs that warm; the innumerable sounds,
And heavings of a myriad-motioned Nature!
Are these the same that inspired thee with life,
That tendered tokens of friendship while a boy,
And loved thee—as I loved thee, when the soul
Yet shrouded gleams in childhood's fondest
 dreams!

Here in this arbor we wished what no one hath.
We thought of things that never shape have
 taken—
Rapt dreams of boys!—We shouted to the
 hills;

Heard the soft buzzing of the bee, that rested
Within the vines, that clung t' the rustic bower :
Verbena-tangled, with suckles blooming sweet,
Where, libant, the darning-needle passed, then
flitted

To dales of fairer mel. We heard the wren
That carolled through the blooming cherry-
trees ;

To thrushes, and the lark, that flooded throngs
Of tunes upon the greenest lawn—and here
We garlanded fair flowers, to deck some
cousin,

Maid-waiting 'neath yon pine-grove ; eager,
Sweet innocence in her reposed shape.

Unfolded bud ! and ran we through the aisles
Of cedars—with their spicy scents, and tunes,
Mating our hearts to thrilled joyance ;—ran
To yon quaint tower, that standeth master-like,
Supervisor of the park—and lofty head
To scan the prospect wide, and far withdrawn !
O may mine eyes see thee again, wild youth !
Disporting, as antelope, through these fair
grounds.

With brother's endearment whispering me the
snares

To surprise the hare—to tame the captive
hawk—

And shun the dangers, brooding in the darker
dens

Of Nature! Were we young!—and ten long
 years
Have sung their various lays to me; ten years
Wherein my mind bloomed; and the sense of
 man
Upswelled its wave—to flood my soul with
 gifts
Such the sterner mortal nurtures through a
 life!
And thou, when boyhood bears adventurous
 fruit
Hadst said a long farewell! thou wert em-
 balmed
In Death's weird fold, when yet the brow is
 smooth,
And cheeks are round, eyes glisten brightest
 rays:
Diaphanous like the sun's, that shoot from
 forth
Some crowned, pellucid gem! Oh, then we
 knew
No voice that floweth as the mountain-tor-
 rent—
No heart-throbs, beating as wings of dying
 swans.
No rancorous moans, that quell not when the
 glow
Of Orient splendor invests the dreary day—
No deeper thought dipped golden buckets
 down

Than but the dreams of wildest joy;—and passion

Lay, as the sky upon a lake, where round
No breath is heard, nor liveth aught to shed
A dimpling rain, that ruffles its glassy calm!
Oh, then to me the wisdom of those peers
In poetry's skies was all unknown;—the thrill
Of meditation all unfelt;—the sense to know
Unlit;—the wild enthusing thoughts of sex
Yet hidden brooded;—and life's secret was
Yet sealed! Nor frothed within me that intense

Upheaving to delve the mysteries of man—
To mattock the interminable mines of soul—
Nor arm against world's wrongs—nor seem
to be

One lonely heart that weighed the sufferings
And weals of all my fellow-mates; but then,
I was, like thou, a boy and Nature-loving; lost
In childhood's fancy-fields; and guided true
To reason by that Hand, that blesses thee now!
Thou hast been spared to know what all these
ten

Fat years have taught me! Dead thou art,
These long years! Furnished not with wiser
brain—

Ta'en away from here, before the thoughts o'
the Past .

Could store thy mind! Dead—with no Knowledge Vast;

Experience born with years;—no joy profound
Of self-ebullient thought—of own creations;
Nor what love breedeth; nor with that proud
badge:

A name!—O brother! who dost sing of Glory,
Thy heart had felt pulsations of a Hand
That teaches one short lesson, serving for
The vastness of the myriad lesson-books
That lie wild scattered through and in great
nature.

To know the flower grows—to see it die—
To feel its leaves—to marvel at its structure—
To own within that what is there is made
By One All-Mighty Hand—is all we need
To know; for all else is but the all-same—
Each one for one lone mind—and all for
thought

Of nations, tribes, and clans, and families!

Doth the balmy air of Spring suggest the days
When we were sporting! lively as the lark
That shot the blue—and frisksome as the fawn
That bound its vernal joy o'er branch and
brier,

And woodland flowers! O Victor! Brother!
Thou,

Who wept'st young tears at some rude words
of mine,

Hadst clasped thy delicate hands, to ask of me
Obedience to thine Angel-voice—when I,

Thy younger mate, had shunned to walk on
ways

The good man takes! O Thou hadst in thy
heart

That sweeter blood, the Heaven-blessèd own—

That tender sweetness round thy lips—that,
sad,

And weeping through thine eyes, was language
still

To mark thee one of those, who gaze at
Heaven

Ere Heaven to others is disclosed; oh,
Brother!

Thou wert too good, too kind, too sensitive
far

To lead the life the older live; breathe days
When retrospection addles brain, contempla-
tion

On the world, its miseries, consume our
thought—

And we, the blest, weep silently a tear

That purls within ourselves—a tear to be

The seed we sow in Heaven's Homes, when
there

We see it sprout to Blessings manifold—the
dear

And deep, true recompense for having wept for
those

Whom we could help not!

Ten years! and with

Their changing hues, the days saw me in towns
Of strange names, where thy foot had never
trod—

I heard men speak in foreign tongues—have
answered

Them; fared on seas; and mated with the boors.
Of lands thou hadst not known; I learned the
thought

Of men, whose names n'er touched thine ear;
have pursued

The jacal on the cliffs of Jura's ranges—slayn
The boar by brakes where Moritz wildly
roamed;

Have mused of stars—have seen the Bear
move round

That lode-star, centre of the unknown realm!
Knew how to point at lost Egeria—to those
Proud planets, said to be our sister-worlds!

[Till here written in the open air, Laurel Hill, 1885.]

[What follows is continuation; written from 2 A. M.—

5 A. M., during the night.]

My vaster mind could astound at the Unseen!
What wond'rous boundless space outreached
the realm

The sage astronomers call universe!

Ten long years! in their full flood of various
motions

I learned God's Lesson, imprinted on a brow—

That impossible Lesson? learned by one's
self;
That imbibes, from love-pores, all the natural
eye
Beholds;—imperishable—vast and complex—
That mighty Lesson, stamped on the human
brow,
Till, flashing round his temples, as the glow
Of Heaven opens sudden, suffusing light
And an unspeakable sheen around—that Les-
son
Bursts welded to the kiss of God! . . And such
One eve, while dreaming of a love, my brow
Experienced—since, I walk the earth, as none
Would dare—a child of Him; with knowing
right
To love who showed Himself in ineffable
sheen!
I felt the *Spirit* dawn upon me—and, at once,
The mysteries were revealed. I needed naught
To ask of man. The *Father of the man*
Had flashed before me . . . Once a bliss, un-
known
To those who walk their path with naught but
staff—
Who know of body only—once a bliss,
A joy supreme begot itself in me:
Not in my thinking—but, effulgent, burst
Without my soul; and laved the sentient parts
Of my frame—then it was I felt that we

Were not the children of a man and woman—
But were in *friendship* with a higher Light!
Each one stood bare before a vaster Throne!
And each should give account to One, who
thought

It wisest, when Him listed, to imbue a soul
With Spirit! or impart to him a knowledge
That He alone could give!

And hast thou felt
Such bliss supreme! when fifteen frettings
played

With thee! when yet the sense of theosophy
Is as the leaf of some fruit-branch—when yet
The learned brain naught originates, but thinks
In trains of thought like those that it was
taught.

Oh, but such is not known—perchance such
bliss

Was thine—but, like a secret, kept it locked
For none to dream of having been.

Those years
Have taught me the rich sciences—the store
Of wisdom kept for aye in poet-works—
Works given them by powers of the vast
Power!

As foams the brook when rocks are lying loose
About the bed, so foamed my feeling 'gainst
the say

Of those that flung the soul to nothingness.
Spurned by invisible angels, at once, I thought :
To enlighten their deep darkness ; and succeeded.

For, during that long conflict, I worked with
self—

With study of myself—with abstract dream,
With contemplation calm, and self-applied !
At length my victorious pen pronounced me
man

Of soul—and body ! Thus by will mine own,
(If though it was His !) by a knowledge deep
Acquired by mine own dispatch—and being
Of reverent mind about myself—without
Man's teaching—I battled 'gainst the blinded
brain :

And took the laurel, which an *Angel wreathed !*

In midst of hundred minds that warred for
fame,

To tell the truth—I broke my glaive ;—and
fought—

Fought with their minds ! till in my mind the
war

Assumed an ant-hill, trodden by vulture's claw !
Age crowned my young, weak brow—and
sapiency

Swelled in my long untutored brain—*I was !*
In youth I knew the minds of those who lived

Their lives to think, collect their facts—and
judge

From lists of testimonies aggrandized!

Thus full equipped, I warred—and won; for
all

They said in sneers, were to my trophies true

The tests of truth;—exultingly I cried!

And when suspicions rose—I traced them back
To earth's beginning, saw a Thought—and
praised!

Thus thought—and praise—and love (which
out of both

Breeds naturally) were the three stars that
shone

To light my life! were the three duties for

A mind's life, the three glories, that a soul

Could show before the Heaven!

And thou, my Brother!

At thy tender stage of breath hast not known
such!

Perchance thou didst—yet timid at display.

And through those long-drawn seasons I had
grasped

The nation's faint conceptions of a God!

Of wonder-men in all parts of the globe,

Till culminating in our Jesus—sole

Great man, whom God endowed with His true
Light—

By his life-fellows crowned the Christ! He
was
The meek law-giver; He was God's sweet way
To guide His flock, far-fleeing;—though a
Jew—
Like Buddha, though an Indian, both were im-
bued
With Wisdom such that God doth dower!
How kind
Of God: in lowly minds He sheds His Law
And Prophecy; and if in thunder-voice
He tells His creatures He is there—in sott,
Subdued, and tender prophecies He wards
His nations to desist from wrong! Oh! praise!
Oh! love that Godhead—Father, Mind and
Spirit!
For He did all: *the carol of a morning-bird,*
The meekness, surety of an endless Christ.
(Written in 1885.)

UNE QUESTION.

Des morts humaines laquelle est la plus belle :
De l'enfant tendre, cueillant les fleurs de mai ;
De la vierge, songeant à son fiancé ;
De l'âge, qui marche dans le frimas dur ?
Je pense, que comme le papillon si gai,
Qui meurt dans la splendeur de la journée,
L'homme jeune, qui a un coeur si pur !

L'age doit connaitre tous les vents de glâce ;
Les heures lugubres, quand au soir il neige,
Malheurs d'une vie, comme les vents de
Norvège.
Mais l'homme qui ne connait du monde que
grâce,
Et meurt quand Juin joyeux voit toutes ses
fleurs—
N'a pas de l'age toutes les tristes humeurs !
(1892)

A FORSAKEN GRAVE-LOT.

(Greenwood Cemetery.)

This autumn-noon, when trees were red ;
And clouds of snowy hue
'Neath skies of purest azure sped,
I walked thro' grave-lots of the dead—
Till one lone stone my attention drew.

No fence to guard it ; but fair tombs
Around and far, and flowers ;
That stone stood cold with no sweet blooms :
A mound forlorn, like haunted glooms ;
Bereft of love's memorial dowers.

Two small, low bushes at the head
With not one bloom to cheer it;
The mound grass-grown, and not a bed
Of flowers; but fallen leaves instead.
While twigs and sticks were lying near it.

A tall, broad elm alone stood there.
How all forlorn the grave,
For thirty years or more no care
Shown, left to spring's and summer's air;
The fall's and winter's blasts to brave!

In eighteen fifty-six he died:
Babe Leslie, two years old.
To both his parents was denied
The joy to see him at the side
Grow up a man, robust and bold!

Ah! sure they loved him well those years,
When wedlock-hours were sweet.
Their first child—ah! his mother's tears!
Yet with dire sickness grew wild fears:
They saw him prone at death's white feet!

Two years of baby-croons; and weeks
Filled with bright prospects rare.
Ah! roses burst on Leslie's cheeks;
Her wonder when she cried: he speaks.
Too soon death made her gladness bare.

Ah! are they dead too, since no sign
Of memory is on that mount;
Or had dire poverty, like a vine,
Quick strangled love, so they entwine
Their hearts no more, by affection bound?

Why is that grave forlorn, who say!
For forty-two long years
No mourner stood there in the day;
No woman went there slow to pray;
Or shed for one so young soft tears.

Forgotten—and untended lies
That babe's mound and headstone;
Yet sheds the elm-trees melodies
And autumn, wrapt in glorious dyes,
Strows flower-hued leaves on it alone.

Thus some are stricken by harsh fate:
They wed; know bliss; see death;
They mourn—perchance grow poor, and wait
For riches; still are desolate;
Or check thro' death life's rhythmic breath.

Though no one comes to tend that grave
The birds sing in the shades
Of that one elm, whose branches wave
Soft elegies; the seasons lave
The mound, so that it never fades.

(1894)

TO WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

We sat once side by side—
In those happy college days—
When to our thoughts this life seemed wide;
And we could reach our goal
By many, many ways
Of heart, and mind, and soul.
Ah! me! now thou art dead,
From thee life's laurels all have fled.
Thou since hadst won renown
Before death quivered down
Upon thee his so icy spear;
And we shed now full many a tear
For thee—
Dear College-friend—and friend in poesy!

I see thy face so pale
With ambition's flush soft-rosed;
As thou didst tell to us the tale
Whose humor made us smile.
Ah! how thy head was posed,
So genius-like the while—
Thine eyes lit with the light
Of contemplation deep and bright.
Thy lips flowing rare wit
As we did round thee sit.

Thy brow—thy face—all, all thy mien
Had glowing there the brilliant sheen
Of gifts
That hidden lay—whose veil fair manhood
lifts!

Ah! then—who thought that fame
On thy head its crown would lay—
We all were students—with no name—
With hope—ambitions proud,
That would be true one day,
And win the wond'ring crowd.
I yet remember thee,
As in a stage together we
With students drove, to hold
A solemn barbécue of old—
Upon Cayuga's midnight shores,
(When we became proud Sophomores).
O night
Of strangest feasting—with song's true de-
light!

Then, as within the room
We gathered—thou didst ask
Me play some tune of gloom—
Then Schumann's soul-strain shone;
And therein thou didst bask
As in the sun thou'dst done.
Thy pensive head—thy dreamy eye
loved then—and it seemed that I

Could trace in thee what haunted long
My mind—that since has flowed in song—
Oh! yea, I read aright—for fame
Clings to the utterance of thy name.

O now
Fair laurels wreath thy beauteous genius-
brow!

A short life was thy doom—
Ah! too soon, too soon to die!
Nipped in the flush of bloom
Ere all thy gifts could glow;
Ere rarest panoply
Thy special powers could show!
Yet in thy work powers beam,
Like sparkles in a rushing stream!
Thy genius that I read in youth
Hath shown its splendrous strength, in sooth.
And now the world doth weep for thee—
Why must cold death untimely be;
And take
From us rare minds that are to art awake!

We sat once side by side—
In our happy college-days,
And yet those hours abide,
As though 'twere last fair year.
Yet since, fate's many ways
Showed thee an early bier—
While I must sing in dole

Thy memory from out my soul.
For we had sung together then;
In college-room—in shady glen.
And now I'm glad to know thy fame;
That praise and love cling to thy name.
Forego
To ask of me more than what thrills me so!
(1891.

A TUNE.

Why kiss the dead?
Their soul is fled;
And in its stead
Corrosion black
Is on the body's track;
And Putrefaction green
Cries in between;
Whilst change with yellow breath
Bites at the corpse—and that is Death.
Why touch their clay?
From it the soul is away;
Within the body stay
Dire unseen things
And transmutation clings
To every pore;
To heart's unfathomed core;
Whilst maggots do service good,
And death becomes another's food!

Why kiss the dead?
 Their souls are fled,
 And all their earthly dread,
 That thro' the body made
 Them *feel* harsh pain invade;
 Disease its pangs—despair—
 And troubles everywhere.
 That dread is gone; for change's breath
 Decays the clay—frees the soul, and that is
death! (1894)

* * * * *

The corpse embalmed, or soaked with chem-
 icals,
 Man doth defy decay.
 But when the principle that thralls
 To life our clay
 Will thrid away—
 No man hath power
 At death's weird hour
 O'er life's rare principle to show his sway!
 (Written at table.) Dec. 7, 1894.

THE MINSTREL'S RECOMPENSE.

There lived a wandering minstrel young
 Who oft' his woe in tunes had sung,
 Who passed through many a favored town,
 And seen life's river up and down.
 In cities, where applause was given
 To men that lectured—preached of Heaven.

He tarried; there he wrote full sweetly
Rare songs that came to him so fleetly:
Like May-winds, opening June-kept roses;
Like June-breaths, quickening woodland closes.
He thought that once acclaim would sound
From those who read his lays profound;
And, in his day-dreams, often he
Would think himself applauded be,
And not like others, who do bow
Their thanks—but he would raise his brow
Heavenward, and point that there
Some spirit sent to him the fair
And potent song he wrote so well—
And had strange power the world to spell.
So dreamt he—but never came the hour
When he could feel the applause's shower
Fall exultingly upon his ears.
Through all his earthly sorrowing years,
Not once before an audience he
Spoke out his songs so tunefully—
Yet lived he on alone and well
With Spirit-sounds adorable.
And he was satisfied that death
Came to him with his crystal breath
Entoning anthems of rare Heaven
That but to poets true are given.

So hidden are Heaven's peers of song—
They never to the world belong;
But like some star in evening set

They live alone, with no regret,
But all resigned, and knowing of
The Spirit's future glowing love;
That they need no applause or praise.
Their inspirations are their meed;
And their souls to the Creator raise
Song-thanks—so one bright day will lead
Them to a new life's fairer ways!

EDGAR G. BROOKS.

(Obit. 1888.)

I see the road that windeth up the mount
Beyond the azure lake, from this quiet hill.
That road we came ago from learning's fount:
Fair, far Cornell. Ah! fifteen years—and
still

The memories my thought sweet entertain.
You were with me, rare Edgar, poet true!
We both had loved the melancholy strain.
And let rare fancy our two souls imbue.

To-day, a rover o'er world's roads untold,
I gaze upon the azure lake, far, far—
And feel a sting that all those days of old
As embers, once kept kept bright, untended are.
And in my soul there is a wail, that seems
To tell that life is but a show of dreams!

DESTRUCTION.

Destruction!—"Twas ordained. Who was that
mind?

Who thus destruction vast contemplated?
And, with a deeper feeling fraught, to soothe—
As flowers blow, implicitly colored fair,
Perfumed, and grown by roselands, swales,
To beautify the barrenness; or with
That soul of love, sex-born, to elevate
The inner joys, innate in those that feel
A breath of holiness, when in the converse pure
'Tween man and maid?

Yet through that pulse
Of ichored veins, which sensates highest soul,
There faintly chafes a mingling muttering—
As by some lonely Rhododendron-grove
Within the silentness the shadowy falls
Their hollow mysteries pronounce,—a grief
That mutters: oh! the untold certainty
Of Heaven, with the destruction dark, that
roars

Within us, as some storm o'er cliffs, that cave
The prophet-eagles, far, by Tiflis hoar.

Destruction! And the fire of the sun
Doth parch the senses of the brain; doth burn
The vigor of the creating soul inspired.

Yet through the ripening air, the highest work
Of God doth labor; but in the mystic clay
Unknownly acts some higher element
Not doomed as body or as brain, but glowing
With essence not the man may master
Or unravel; such doth suffer by the sun!
The braccate bushes lush in savory gems;
They grow! There rounden on the apple-trees
The blossomed flowers; some cruesce; they
thrive;
Glow-bunches, pendant, bend the straightened
stems;
The grain grows goldier, pinkest, and doth
fatten.
Fields glorious spread a lustre o'er their neigh-
bors,
More than egregious in their supporation's
sheen.
All plants thrive; also beasts, incurable,
As too tame laborers for agrestic man.
But should th' inventive brain of man suc-
cumb?

Joy, jocund sport, droop, as an Afric-flower
Upon the bourne of the Simoon; the links
That chain past days of momentous feats, do
fold
And, crisping, shrivel, as dried leaves in woods
That scatter beneath the tread of pard and gnu.
The incalescent veins, as geyser's spray

Where the fleet elk o'er torrid lands doth roam
 Transvey their torpitude to temple, and stay
 The vivacity of pulse, and brightest wit.
 And frivolous charms incrust within that shell
 Of covert walls, as though the Limat soft
 By the Kamsin with terror should be mured,
 Till Cyprus glow a desert red, and clouded
 With tremendous fire! Oh! so destruction dire
 Its myriad-fangèd fire-tongue doth fletch.
 Toward soul its brands wild tosses, till they
 flame!

Fragment (1888)

DEATH.

We awake from out the wondrous womb
 And smile at life so rosed.
 And wonder at God's mighty plan.
 Then we go to our destined grave:
The doors to Nature and to man
Forever closed!

LINES.

The canary-bird, he calleth me
 The canary-bird calls peevishly.
 But now he singeth full and clear
 A whistling, sweet as from the far Azores
 Where all the verdant, scented shores

Ring purling ; re-echoing far and near.
The metal carols from the golden throats—
The liquid, trill'ring of the laughing notes!

The golden breasted bird, so free,
Now sings so clear his madrigal—
And, O, my soul takes wing to thee,
Fair land of golden fruit-trees tall!
Have I nepenthe quaffed ;
Or hemlock-goblet taken?
Or hath a wizard laughed,
His wand o'er my head shaken?
Nepenthe I have taken
And with a dreamy look
Have stroked the mystic Book.

The pages fly around me ; round
About me lingers opiate-sound :
As tinklings from bells and dance-tuned
shawms
Linger pleasant round the garnered hawls ;
While dimpled cheeks, and fiery eyes,
Whirl gladsomely below cool skies :
All when the harvest-moon is white,
In silvery sickle-raiments dight.

(*Fragment.*)

VISIONS.

I.

What vastness is behind the frontal bone?

What visions loom; what realities are there!

With wind's swift pace, we fly to regions
fair—

Or, like a lull, we dream of God alone!

So came to me a thought—wild, wild, as waves

In the mid-sea—or as a meteor's fire:

*All souls that cling to earth, to its same gyre,
They will, at death, be born again; nor saves
A jot of prayer to take them to the Heaven.*

But those free souls, that think of God, and
are

Beyond the earth's dictations—love the star
More than the gold, that is to Mammon
given—

*Those souls, so different from earthly men
At death, they need not go to earth again!*

II.

Hath that no truth?—What use this suffering

We know; our body's thralldom to the air!

Our anguish—all our love—our strange de-
spair!

What boots all this, if we should no more sing
Our heart-songs in some fields, more flourish-
 ishing

Than these, where asps do hide—miasmas
 rise.

There must be yet some planet, where the
 skies

Shout loud : Perfection must bloom everything !

Oh ! for an earth that doth not change our
 health—

Where bodies thrive suavely in all climes—

No colds, no aches—no pests—no poisonous
 times ;

So all our thoughts may wreathe themselves
 with wealth

Of soul-born dreaming ; pure sweet homes—
 and heap

On all our doings blessings we can *keep* !

III.

There are such worlds ! astronomers have seen

Fair Mars—it boasted of divinest fields—

And woods, and life that clement earth-air
 yields !

Why should not more be there ? At death, I
 ween,

The Heaven-prescient souls shall to their hopes

Be borne, and have new shapes, more perfect far

Than ours; and shall be nearer to that Star
For whom our searching soul so sternly
gropes!

If evolution be in Nature—souls evolve;
And, ripe, break; rising to the fairer spheres,
Where more perfection is, and more of
cheers!

And there our woes, and tears, and pain dis-
solve,

For there no changing airs will soil the
day—

An ever balmy clime for Love's true Lay!

IV.

For such I rave; oh!—where God's wonders
fair

I long may muse on; till I find His Law:

And Love, so I be perfect—with no flaw

On me—to need reproof—or another's care.

Triumphant, all my thoughts will sweet en-
twine

With God's high thinking in the Future's
Dawn!

Then Money will be rotted—on Soul's Lawn
We all shall love, and lead a life divine!

And such can be! I feel it as I feel

Spring's breath in quick'ning woods, and
budding plains—

*Ignore thy pride—thy greed for clinking
gains!*

Only when all thy soul will sweet appeal
To Praise, and Love, and Peace, wilt thou
become
Worthy to enter God's more perfect Home!

THINK OF THE ANGELS!

A simple story have I read to-night,
While lost in gazing at the sky's perfection.
So obvious is it, yet 'twill give delight
To those abhorring woe or dark dejection:
Proud affluence seems to glitter only for us;
As in the sun, we do forget our end—
But, when in darkness, all the world ignore us,
Good Heaven's consolation is our friend!
As when air's darkness covers land and sea
A million dazzling stars shine bright and free,
To whisper goldenly that God created
The night—as well as hours sorrow-freighted!
Read in the blue of night: *the stars are there.*
And, in thy woe: *think of the Angels fair!*

CORRESPONDENCE TERMINATED.

Not that some vine of bane its tendrils wound
Around our friendship; nor that quarrels
doomed

A separation; nor that jealousy had gloomed
The amicability that was profound.

Not that to distant countries he had gone,
Forgetful of loving hours by the woods;
Nor that I so had loved thoughts solitudes.—

Not that the cause that letters never shone
Upon the days when either longed for news
From either; oh! stranger reason was
alive.

I loved him yet; but months and years had fled.
“He is inconstant,” thought I; “he did
choose

“To avoid my answers.” But when blossoms thrive

I knew the dreary cause: *for he was dead!*

YAMUN.

“Why lonely through those rose-groves walking, where

The bulbul trebleth her lotus-scented song!
Alone by padme-lakes, where nautch girls
throng

Not on a Siva-dedicated day!
Why thither strolling—in the heavy air,
Heavy with rich flower-fragrance, to yon
bay
Whom the pink Ibis dreadeth—the lyre-bird
But visits when her mate's song's no more
heard!"

"Away from cymbal, and the soft dance, far
From temples reared on lonely vine-clung
sites;
Lonely with *my* thoughts, and the song of star,
Th' ineffable magic of mysterious nights!
Alone I wander, yet in talk with One Who
saith:
'I am thy friend, am Yamun! I am-Death!'"

(Lakewood-forest, N. J.)

ELEGIE.

There was a beauteous shell upon the strand
That shell lay there at morning-hour.
Then came the people from the town and land
And gazed—admired it more than flower.
Then said they: at the night
We'll take it home to give to others like delight.

At night they came—but since the glorious
noon

The tide had grasped the shell so fair—
'Twas gone;—then all the people left—and
soon

The shell of beauty, past compare,
From all their thoughts had gone—
Their memory of its rarest splendor now had
flown.

They knew soon other shells would lie upon
the strand—

No print the shell left on the beach—'twas
lost.

So is it when a human being from the land

Hath gone to join the Manes-host—

Soon he is far from earth—

The world, forgetting him, thinks of another's
birth.

O thou who now dost know what after death
will be—

Thou art forgotten by the world so soon.

O hadst thou only left a mighty memory

In work—for all thy precedents as boon—

Thou still wouldst be to this day

A power to all the coming host in human clay.

We live but by our works, our deeds, our
aims—

When death comes, though we lie at rest,

The future world, by conning what we did, still
claims

Us as their own—and sees we did our best.

But when no work we left

Of memory, of life aft' death, we are bereft!

So men and women, youths and maids, be fond
To leave some work of greatness when you
die—

So when you are in realms of heaven beyond
On earth ye have your immortality—

For only works of glory

Insure a life aft' death in this world's story!

(January 1, 1900.

MILTON'S ITALIAN SONNET.

(*Translation.*)

Thou pretty damsel, whose fair name revives
The grassy Rhenish vale; its noble crests—

Well he, who any worth discharging, rests
Far from thy gentle soul where passion lives.

O gently let him show it—if he gives

Sweet proof of his attachment and his zests;

And all these gifts, of his own truth the tests,

Will bloom love's flower, aft' which thy virtue
strives.

When thou, adream, dost speak, O blithely sing
So that thou mov'st the obdurate mountain-
wood.

Look each within the eyes, and, murmuring,
Proclaim to all, who're worthy, thy love's
mood:

Thanks only to the worthy; 'tis not told
That love's desire in the heart grows cold!

DEATH AND LIFE.

October shed her glory on rare tree, o'er hill.
And down the valleys—through the dingle
fair—

When through the labyrinthine paths, passed
bare

White tombs—and sculptured sepulchres so
chill—

We strolled to find our friend's grave, flower-
orned—

Of death we thought—of separation's
gloom—

When down a hill two faces all abloom
Came, thus the sad place was with smiles
adorned.

They stepped down lightly to where we,
mourning, stood—

Then, as our eyes met—oh! the ripples red

Upon their cheeks—we quite forgot the
dead.
So is death hidden by love's eternal brood—
That, though we see tombstones around, love's
power
Sheds life and love in us as from spring's
shower!
(October, 1894.)

LIFE AND DEATH.

Activity is life—and sloth is death.
Grim truth: for when we idly live the day
To cold-germs is our death-loved body prey;
Our throat grows choked—and we lose quick-
ening breath!
When stagnant lies our blood within our core
Death-germs, e'er waiting in our organs
frail,
Grow sudden—therefore must we evermore
Promote new heat to kill who life assail!
Oh! is this life but heat—and death is cold!
It is too true: within our system lie
Grim germs, that, when our body is not
warm,
Infest us—and take of our organs hold—
Then woe to us—where is life's ceaseless
charm?
When age's stagnant blood grows thin—we
die!
(December 31, 1898.)

WHAT THE INNER EYE DOTH SEE.

"Speak not thy curse! nor ope' thy lips to flow
A random mock at Nature's majesty!"

Hast uttered it!—That undulous air will be
Recorded in caverns of the long ago!

Now, now, the pendulous earth doth note the
blow,

And through the stellar space, so noiselessly,
It is propelled, till, 'gainst the planets free
It shakes their ponderous spheres soft to and
fro!

Beware what wild speech flameth from thy
mouth—

Scarce flung, in madness, all the spheres re-
sound

That utterance, years afar, in God's Pro-
found!

All whispers wend their wavy way, and Truth!
Like surges, on the multitudinous shores
Of things, spill all they said, for Time's own
stores!

GOD'S SUPREMACY.

I delight to see a storm—
For therein God is manifest!—
No man may stay its sway,
And say the winds to blow away—
But on, in its own swift behest,
The storm doth rage!

I delight to watch a wave
Dash 'gainst a cliff of mystic form.
For in its power God is manifest!
No man may tell the main to calm—
Nor pour o'er its wild pulse a balm
Its passion to assuage!

I delight to trace the levin—
When loud the winds howl in a cave;
For, in its flash, the God is manifest—
Its swiftness men may never sway—
For, on, in its own swift behest,
The levin flashes,
And crashes!

I love to contemplate the marvels all
Of God! In them a lasting vein
Of His Supremacy doth reign—
That maketh man a wondering thrall
To them!—O God! Who art so grand—
Pray, on Thy scorers use a lenient Hand!

WHEN WE ARE DEAD!

All hath been said!

Each new soul, ent'ring in Life's Hall,
Propounds some questions; and is thrall
To queries of same Nature; same, as, when
The youth, in Noah's days, was curious
To know why shone the sun; why gleamed the
glen
At eve; why birds were building nests; why
loss
Of friend fostered the pain in heart; why
glowing eyes
Were harbingers of some advent, full-glow-
ing:
With spangles round an amorous arm; to sing
of skies,
Propitious of a day for love's bestowing;—
Why flamed the fire; why flowed the river;
why
Were stars in heaven; why moaned the wind
on high;
Why were the maidens delicate more than the
boys?
Why was there more of woe than of gay
pranks and joys;
Why seemed age odd, when youth and man-
hood stronger were;

Why had there grown on hills the plantain
and the fir!
Why breathed the fish; why had the world
been made;
Why was there coolness in the cave, and in
the forest-shade;
Why, why—and why to countless things, all
found in Nature;
Why, why to many moods in man, in lower
creature;
And so as each new soul asks why as long ago
And all is same on earth, then we shall know
*More beauteous things, with heavenly wings,
When we are dead!*

ELEGY.

(In Memory of my late Brother Frederick.)

White clouds float in the azure sky;
This June-morn breathes a candent air;
Yet intermittent breezes fare
Thro' this fair grove so coolingly.

Quick liquid songs, and chirps so gay,
Sound from the many birds around.
And, farther, comes to me the sound
Of farmer-boys and girls at play.

Ah! well thou knowest where I be,
Dear brother! dead these four years gone.
Here dream I now, so all alone
Still, thou art in my memory!

For thou wert here, ten years ago.
When we would walk the wild, free wood.
And contemplate the solitude
And listen where the brook-waves flow.

Here, at the early morn, in June,
We rode adown the valley green;
Our ponies young would oft careen;
We heard the embowered thrushes' tune!

Here, we would dream of fame to be;
Of love-ties that were never tied.
For fate had to thy life denied
The bliss of love's felicity.

And here, this morn, with no one near
Thou in my thought, I dream away;
Thinking of all thy woe, that day
When death surprised thee—that doleful year!

Oh! can I smile, as roses smile
When the awakening morn blooms full!
Oh! can I here my memories lull
As lilies near the pasture-stile?

Nay, nay! we are not like the flowers
Nor like the gale; nor like the birds;
Nor like the bees; nor like the herds;
Nor like the air in May-born showers.

We have a demon that assails us:
Deep Thought—that cowers at our side.
And snaps at us, when we abide
By Memory past, that aye bewails us.

Bewails us; for we think and dream,
In vain to solve the mysteries;
In vain to call the destinies:
Those friends that like mock-demons seem.

Long have I thought, since thou hast died;
Long thoughts passed thro' my dreary mind.
Yet never could I surcease find;
Though to desist I long have tried.

Oh! Life! thou torturer to souls
That feel in them the larger world.
Thou life, that hast thy veil tight-furled
Hiding the light of all our goals.

Oh! death! art thou the wrencher wild
Of that grey veil, that hides her face?
And thou, who hast now seen Heaven's
 grace,
Art thou by truth and light beguiled?

It must be so—for I am calm
When death seems but the portal fair
That leads us to a larger air:
A world of peace, and love and balm!

Then will I loud proclaim to all
That death unveils life's mystery.
In voice as fair as when the wild wind free
Inbreathes with song the wood-trees tall.

Then will I be a herald here,
While living lonely, shorn of love,
With songs, as sound within the grove
When dawn inspires the thrush to cheer!

Thou brother! dost thou listen now?
Within this wood we twain had been;
And loved to walk thro' wood-aisles green;
And stand exultant by the brook-oak's bough.

O trust is fair; and hope is strong.
I shall await my change in peace!
For then my doubt and woe shall cease;
And till I die will sound my song.

Delaware Water Gap (1899)

AT DEATH.

When to the sepulchre my remains they take
Not one will know who died. For through
my life,

That was a waging with incessant strife,
No one was to my greatness e'er awake.
They slept, and slept! Ah! me! so was it too
With all those solitary men of old:

Poëts, song-wrights, in Art's wide fairy-
fold;
Their graves were wreathed and known save
by a few.

So it is fate that makes the poet great
Unknown to his own kind while here on
earth.

See Shelley, Keats, and all those souls whose
fate
It was to die alone in woe or dearth.
So when my bones lie mould'ring in my grave
The few might know what to fair Art I gave!

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little do we come to conclusions;
Little by little do we flee life's delusions;
Little by little do we learn thought's abstru-
sions;
Little by little do we lose youth's illusions.
 Little by little do those, living, advance;
Little by little do we gain fame's height;
 Till we—till we awake from a Trance!
And our Self sees the Heavenly Light.

DEATH.

Methought that all we see was true and fair;
 That all our thoughts bloomed from the
 brain and blood;
 That all our actions in life's brawling flood
Had their right source from what changed
 often there
Within the body, grown for weal and strife.
 Ay! I had mused full oft' that all we see,
 We touch, feel, smell, and hear so won-
 drously,
Was the great means that made our earthly
 life.

When, as I died, in blissful calm of mood
 My rising spirit knew that all life gave
 Of moment, had to perish in the grave.
 Yet all that made me conscious of myself—
 That told me right—and freed me from low
 pelf—
 Was *my own self*—to rise to Heavenhood!

BABY LOUISE.

AN ELEGY.

What hath existence is a prey
 To fell destruction's ruthless laws!—
 God breathed His Light within thy clay,
 Yet Death fast stretched his griffon-claws
 And choked thee, tender child, scarce five years
 old!

What hopes we shared to see thee bloom
 To womanhood in summer's glow—
 But now thou sharest another doom,
 To be released from life's long woe
 And sing and gladden in Heaven's glorious
 fold!

What grows in Beauty by the stream:
 The gummy roses of the wood—
 Must fall aground—and be a dream—
 Nor can it e'er be understood
 Why Beauty must become a mouldered clay!

The gorgeous lyre-bird doth fly
In midst of redolent southern trees—
But soon it flutters down—to die
Within the lonely fastenings.
What lived in beauty dies within a day!

And we, with light divine in us,
Though we have God to help and aid—
Are thralls to death so treacherous—
We lie beneath the cypress-shade;
And soon grow all forgotten of the world!

O where is Christ to crush harsh death?
O where is God to keep us well?
And ere we speak we lose our breath—
And ere we know comes death so fell—
And we and all are in oblivion hurled!

O babe Louise—scarce taught to say
A few soft words we love to hear—
Scarce smiling with us through the day,
Not strong enough to brave wild fear—
Comes death—to take thee from our love
away!

O babe Louise, untaught;—unsaught
By comrade or by bonnie beau;
Not having felt the Spirit, fraught
With God's high Wisdom and its glow—
Comes death—to take from thee thy wedding-
day!

Thou rosy child—where art thou now?

Too young to feel high reason reign—
Could'st thou have gone to Heaven's glow?

Or wilt thou come to earth again—
Since thou hast not yet learned life's lesson
stern?

And if thou must, I pray for thee

Less pain—so thou can'st grow a rose
Crowned by a lover's constancy—

Unharm'd by life's sad tears and woes—
So aye thy thoughts to mirth and Heaven
turn!

What smiles and blushes hotly here

Must on some day be icy cold—

God dyed the clouds with colors clear—

Death wrought the body's fetid mould—

And beauty fades—and smiles must turn to
tears!

What hopes we share to see thee bloom

To womanhood, my young Louise—

But God foresaw another doom:

To spare thee much of life's unease

He took thee to Him in thy tender years!

New York City (Feb. 18, 1898)

POETRY-READING.

So, now I know they comprehend not
The beauty-similies of poets—
For as one read some liquid verses
Rich in the glow of dreamland—
His thoughts were not sweet mated,
But trod upon brain's brown-herbed turf-
land;
He saw not the opalescent beauty
Shine—heave upon the sweet word's weav-
ing;—

So, therefore would you comprehend us,
Be like the fair wine-tester,
Who sips the claret or the nectar—
Then brings its flavor to his thinking—
Then judges!—so then, read while dreaming;
Observe the golden thoughts inwoven.
In quietude, link word to sentence—
Till similes, and thoughts be throbbing!
And to it bind imagination—
Then will you ever comprehend us!

California (1889)

AFTER DEATH IS GLOW.

- there's a glow soon after our death—
There's a world far brighter than ours.
For glows not at eve the silvery breath
Fresher far than at noon-tide hours!
- there's a splendor soon after our death—
There's a rapture far lovelier than ours—
○ glance at the silvery flood of the breath,
The dead sun on the skies o'er-showers!
- there's a joy soon after our death,
More sublime than all earthly dowers—
○ look at the glist'ning, roseate wreath
On the even skies—how it towers!
- there's a world soon after our death—
A fair world that's ruled by kind powers.
○ list to the sway of Nature's sweet breath,
When balm-Eve her eyelid soft lowers!

Ithaca, N. Y. (1884)

EVENING-LINES.

O list to the lyre of the firs,
When in the even-breeze it stirs.
How its melody glideth on!
 As though o'er a mossy carpet soft,
 Its harmony flows streamwise way aloft.
As if all harshness hard had gone!

O list to the sway of the firs,
When the besom of the breeze now stirs!
How plaintive—like a wave at sea!
 It rustles not, but, smooth as the wind,
 It glides along the resounding rind—
With a gloom of its own wild agony!

O list to the strain of the firs,
When the wind in the even-air stirs!
Like the sigh of a soul that is lost!
 Now gentle breathings, uttered soft
 and low:
 A faint far lustre of its long ago—
Then are its strings in the wild wind
 tossed!

Adirondacks (1883)

HYMN.

And if these groves were thronged amain
With vilest vipers, emerald scaled,
And if there streamed a smiting rain
Adown the heavens, vapor-veiled—
Great God! my knowledge of Thy Might,
And of Thy Goodness, unassailed,
Would strengthen me, mine arm to fight—
And walk these groves, yea, unbewailed!

And if my path were densely strewn
With thorny twigs, to bleed my feet—
And if loud Laughter paled me soon—
And soon base Calumny would bleat—
Good God! my Knowledge of Thy love,
And Thy compassion, Paraclete!
Would soft my heart; and I would rove—
O, free of fear—my heart would beat!

And if this World were woven with woof
And warp, so sharp as hellebards—
And if this World were all from me aloof—
And I stood sad, as death-doomed guards—
Thy Consolation would I cherish.
To Thee, with fervor would I pray:
And if, in my delight, I perish,
I *know* Thou'lt love me now and aye!

(1884)

IN LIGHTER VEIN



A COUNTRY CHILD.

My road took me adown a slope
To a willow-watchèd stream;
And there I met a country-child,
In its eye a wistful beam.

Its gown was one short flitting dream
Of its tender frame and limbs;
It wooed each swell and lovely shape
When the breeze blew twenty whims.

It was a six-year-child—a girl
That was bred by hill, and weir,
A simple lass—with short-grown curls,
That would shine the sun-specked mere

A child, and innocent and fair—
Like the flower that cheered the slope.
And wayward, when it ran the wilds,
Like a young, sweet antelope.

When first it beamed upon my sight
It had crossed the swaying plank.
Then ran it through a garden-gate,
Where a hut stood by the bank.

It dwelled, where I would not to live :
In a hut, with cracks and holes.
But there it played with wickers and mud ;
And it tried to lift long poles.

Around the hut lay strew about
Old logs, corfs, and leaves, and crocks ;
Pans, kettles, and, among them all,
Strutted hens and scarlet-wattled cocks.

And, 'neath the slim bloomed apple-trees,
Lay some newly-wickered creels—
And near the pebbly creek, there lay
Few brown nets, and fish-feared weels.

In the curled stream a manly wright
Washed the muddy wheels and wains—
And brushed the weazen wood-meil well ;
And he thought o' the morrow's gains !

And there that child hopped, and it bound
Like a lambkin in the fields !
It laughed, like birdling, in the blossomy
boughs,
That would know what summer yields.

Now flew that simple, six-year-child
Past the golden-sprinkled willows—
With dreamy withes touching the stream,
That had foamed its fairy billows !

I lost it—when the tender blue-green shade
Of the oziers wept a haze—
Then sauntered it, with shout, upon the sedge,
Where the kine at even graze.

I saw it climb to the red barn;
And it passed the blake-beamed booze—
The dove-cot, with its whirring air;
O'er the byre's rushing sluice.

Then passed the button-wood, that greened
Its small leaves, and whitened its blea—
Till soon it reached the open barn,
Where there played gay children three.

And see them chase the chanticleer—
And the hens and wattling geese.
What shouts they raise—what clamor breaks
The calm breathing of the trees!

O see its loose-hung robe!—its limbs
Like the apple-blooms were rosed—
At each grace-step, its fluttering gown
On its tender form reposed!

They threw small stones, they shrieked and
cried—

And it bent its knees so fast!
So that I thought it seemed a boy—
But no one cried loud: "Avast!"

It climbed the barn-yard fence, and seemed
Like a wayward boy, so strong.
It clasped the boards with both its knees—
And it cried its child-like song!

But when it ran athwart the road
With its curls and gown awhirl—
Its naked limbs had all the grace
Of a timid, tender girl!

Back of the hamlet's ivied hammel,
That small child ran low and high—
O'er bawnèd meads—past haw-haws old—
Like a colored butterfly!

Till all the languid willow-trees
Hid the wandering child from me.
And where I walk, o'er fields, down slopes—
In my mind, its gown I see.

What simple thoughts that bairn must bear—
By the stream, and near the brake!
Its unconcern pleases the mind—
And youth's days in me awake!

Oh! simple, six-year-child, so gay!
Be there long, by mere and weir;
By kine, and bluff, and mead, and woods—
So thro' life thou shed no tear!

Ithaca, N. Y. (1884)

SONG TO THE OCEAN.

May thy waters be led
By the storms that are fed
By great Cyclone all day—
When the strand begs for peace,
All thy white waves must cease—
And must lose their great sway
Alway!

When the foam of thy waves
So capriciously paves
Thy wide stretch with spume-caps—
When the gale cometh forth
From the halls of the North—
At the shore thy rage laps—
And taps.

Nor may Fury avail
To drive on the loud gale
So it sweep the high sea
On the land, or the rocks—
There it loseth all shocks,
And stops sudden its glee
So free!

May thy power in mid-main
Wreck the vessels again
And again—on the shore,
Though thy might pushes on
Thy great waves with loud groan,
Thou hast power no more—
Nor store

Of gigantic strength left—
Thou'rt then power-bereft!
And the sand feels thy spume
Like the touch of babe-hands—
And the strength of the lands
Is thy death, and thy gloom
And doom!

Cape May (1893).

STRANGE.

Methought to see the daisy's grace
Bloom to a modest human face!
It looked so meaningful at me,
I thought it could no flower be;
But some divine portraiture, made
To enliven this cool chestnut-shade.

I must be in some magic wold;
And not near to the shepherd's fold—
A wold, where all that blooms so fair

Is gifted with man's senses rare!
O to that daisy did I tell
Mysterious stories, quaint as spell.

Still gazing at its golden face,
Encircled by its petals' grace,
Methought it nodded, sweetly smiled,
While bird-songs all the day beguiled.
And, as it played with the low wind,
Methought it one with human kind.

HEARING.

How wonderful is hearing!—'tis so strange
That through our ear all sounds of Nature
range!

From the loud bell that tolls for eventide
To that sooth murmur where the gold-bees
hide!

At once, the distant clare from chanticleer
Doth come with laughter from those children
near.

And how the footfalls are distinct from
voices—

From creaking carts, and blacksmith's clanking
noises.

And when I sit alone by dancing flowers
The brushing breeze is heard—and feather-
showers

Fall on the lawn—so still the breeze falls low
Upon the mounds where dandelions blow !
The flute's soft mourning down the dale is
 heard,
While, near, sounds sweetly joy from May's
 fair bird ;
While on the early fox-glove rasps the bee—
And the brown leaf doth rustle plaintively.
How sounds the cascade down the distant dell !
While by yon hoary oak the lambkin's bell
Doth tinkle softly—and, near to our nook,
We hear the souze of fishes in the brook !

How wonderful is man's own ear—that he
May hear all sounds that in rare Nature be !
Clear, and unmuffled—each distinct and fair—
Each sound hath individual dwelling there !
Creator of the million spheres, that roll
Around our globe—Thou hast in Thy control
The wondrous means to make a human soul—
And to it such a body wonderful
Wherein mysterious things work beautiful !
Who may be fool enough to doubt Thy might
When from an atom Thou hadst made soul's
 light—

And from all sounds hadst made a vortex small
In shape of human ear our mind to enthrall—
In which we may distinguish faint low tunes,
And hear the thunder, or winds of many Junes.
In which we gather love-words, whispered low,

And hear the shouts when men to battle go!
O ear, thou art so wonderful to me,
(For I have known what 'tis half deaf to be)—
'Tis thee to celebrate these lines I flow
As fluently as stream where lilies blow.

How wonderful is hearing—'tis so strange
That through our ear all sounds of Nature
range!

The laughter from those cherry-lips I hear
Distinct from the rose-petal, falling near.
And, through yon breezy grove, bellows of kine
Come dreamy—while my sweet one sings di-
vine

Fair tunes; and, at my feet, the cricket's chirr
Sounds like a distant note from dulcimer!
How wonderful it is that we may know
Whether the wind doth soft or stormy blow.
And how the ripples lave the rushes—or the
wave

Doth dash in fury 'gainst the seashore-cave.
How marvellous that we may hear Love's low
Sweet whisper—and the bugles when war's
aglow!

But ah! how wretched are those lonely minds
When to their ears no sound a passage finds.
How miserable that some ignore the breeze
And chirr of insects in the summer-trees.
To them is lost a charm shy lovers know

When to their ears her "yea-song" moves so
slow.

Oh! happy they who have all senses left
And are not of sweet hearing's charm bereft—
For wonderful is hearing—'tis so strange
That through our ears all sounds of Nature
range!

Biskra, Africa (1893)

ODE TO ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(HIS SONATAS.)

Thou Milton, who with tones, and sounds har-
monious

Marshalls grand soul-conceptions so they
stand

All perfect and euphonious;

When we thy Titan-souled Sonatas play!

Attila with his hordes—with spear's wild
clashing—

Then feast processions o'er the conquered
land;

Then by the sea-waves' swashing—
So sound those bars with all their Titan-sway!

All those Sonatas show grand dreaming:

Like prophet-visions on Mount Arrarat.

The clash and clang and screaming

Of festals, honoring strong Solomon!

Grand marches, full reverberant of valor,

That crowned the valiant Knights at Astolat ;
Then singing of maid's palor—
When at the tournament her hero falls alone !
Now cloister-singing flows through strains romantic—
Hoar oaks their branches bend by chapel-doors—
While organ-chordes gigantic
Sound—as the virgins pray their solemn prayer !
Then woo soft melodies sweet scenes of loving
While languid June-breaths move down mount-lake shores
Where she and he are roving
Sweet whispering stories with love-endings fair !
All sound so glorious, joyous full, sonorous.
No dream of petty troubles moved through thy great soul—
Thou heardest the fair chorus
That glories in the vastness of another world !
So when I play thy soul-sonatas wondrous,
I hear the joy—see the splendor of our goal
When Death from life will sunder us—
So we ourselves can see Heaven's realm unfurled !

SONG.

O, there are fairer hills, that weave
For us magnetic charms—
And, as the rainbow, at the eve,
Clings to huge clouds of storms—
So will the beauty in our wandering heart,
Be ever iridescent, will ne'er depart.

Afar the vales have fairer dells,
Where we may dream at will;
As when the dingle-brooklet swells
Into the vale, so still—
Yet there a poet sings his lay—and lo!
His singing makes the stream more brightly
flow!

O, there are fairer hills afar;
What here we miss is there!
As souls dream to a distant star,
Respiring purer air.
So may we leave the fond, familiar cove—
For other woods are pregnant with dearer
love!

Belgium (1887)

SONG.

There is a dell, which not a one may see—

A dell with wild wood-flowers richly pied—
With hum of honey-bees ; and music's glee—

A dell which none hath ever yet espied :
For, 'tis away, away in the depth of my soul—
Far from earth's sunrise—far from the evening's low toll !

A dell, so lone, where purest fragrance dwells—

Where gutty flowers cling to passing winds,
Where warbles the gold-thrush liquid canticles—

But never wanderer that lone dell finds—

For, 'tis away—O, far in my dreaming it is—
There, solitary, live sweetest love and pure bliss !

O, there I dream with sweetest moods, mine own !

With mood, far dearer than a languid maid's,
When pining, lorn —with memories alone—

A mood, O, no one knows—for e'er it fades :

Since, like my soul, ethereally blooms it and
lives—

And but to me such extasies plenteously gives.

There is a dell, which not a one may see—

A dell, where lilies whisper lovely lore;
And where the breeze is swaying purity.

A dell, which lieth hidden evermore:

For, 'tis away, away in the depth of my soul!

There it is nestled till life's seething waves no
more roll!

Paris (1887)

A FANCY.

Trip, little fairies! O, trip to the tune

Titania's minstrels pipe!

While they are cradled on beams of the moon,

Their flute-shafts with webs they wipe!

Garland the pale air with saffron-hued stole,

With wreathed curls floating wild!

Sing to the pipers—and court the dark mole,

That digs, till a mound is piled.

Trip, wanton fairies! In loveliness trip!

While glimmers the glow-worm weird!

Turret the musk-rose—passed the silver-lake,
 slip
To violets—midnight-teared.

There you may weave a dim-sparkling wild
 dance;
Ring shrilly your ouphen-chant!
Wake the dank newt from his revelry's
 trance—
Conjure the dark night-shade plant!

Hover then o'er the uncanny, deep pool,
 Till Limniads spatter sweet!
Fear no loud clangors that sound 'baft a
 ghoul—
Be merry your wingèd beat!

List to the lull from the fells in the wood—
 Avaunt!—List!—Titania calls!
Back to the moon-lighted grove, where the
 flood
O'er blue-broidered rock-steps falls!

Trip, little elfins! O, trip to the time
 Your Queen's merry-making swings!
Rest on pale twigs—where the clusters of lime
 Waft orient imaginings!

(1886)

SONG.

With a tuneful low number
Softly lull me to slumber—
 Mylitta, my love!
Lie on mosses and flowers
While the sunny noon-hours
 Linger through this lone grove!
Keep fond vigil for me
While I sleep 'neath this tree,
 Mylitta, so true;
Soft the breezes will fan thee
And the flowers will scan thee—
 While the heavens are blue!
Wilt thou sing me to sleep—
And dear watch o'er me keep,
 Mylitta, my love!
Ah! then I can soft slumber
While thy tuneful low number
 Lingers through this lone grove!

MASTERY.

The Parian block stands all before his hand—
With chisel, Michael Angelo began
To hew out marble—till a perfect man
Of beauty stood revealed: in all earth's lands

Acknowledged true the sculptor's paragon!
So must the poet great flow from his pen
A stream of perfect words (to knowing men
Faultless) with ease—and no correction!

Thus hath sweet Chatterton his deathless song
Written—and Fletcher his delicious strains;
Shakespeare his wondrous dramas, without
pains.
For only when true inspiration throngs
The artist's soul—can he with clear-wrought
script
Write down what from a Spirit's whispers
slippt.

(1895)

BEIM WASSERFALL.

Stürze, stürze dich, O schäumender Bach
Hinab im tiefen Abgrunde!—
Giesse—übergiesse mein Mannes Ach,
Labe meine tiefe Knabwunde!

Ertöne, holder Bach, O deine Weise;
Dort oben, im Bette frohem Geleise!—
Erdonnere von Fels zu Fels den Schmerz
Der täglich trübt mein einsam Herz!

Stürze, stürze dich, O vielerzählender Bach!
 Im steinigen and bemoosten Abgrunde,
 Mit Heftigkeit hinab—so wird das "Ach!"
 Des Mannes wohl—ünd kühl die Knab-
 wunde!

(1885)

GRUSS AN DEN WASSERFALL!

O sei gegrüset
 Du weisser wasserfall!
 Wo die Blume einsam spriesset;
 Und dein ferner Donnerschall
 Ertönet durch Wald und Thal.
 Und dein dumpfer Wiederhall
 Tief in der tiefen Höhlung Spaltung hohl,
 Erfasset mein Grämen allzumal—
 Erlöset uns vom Denken an das Menschen-
 wohl!

O sei gegrüset
 Du gelb-schäumender Wasserfall!
 O sei du mir geküset!
 Und dein träumender Donnerschall
 Sei mir zur Seligung ein Lied.
 Und dein trauriger Wiederhall
 Umsausend wild, Gebüsch und Waldesstille
 Durchströme meinen Geist, jed' Leibes
 Glied,
 So dass ich Gottes Amt erfülle!

Watkin's Glen, N. Y. (1885)

FRUHLING.

Seid nun heiter, liebe Kinder!

Die Sonne scheint nun wärmer,
Von Tag zu Tag.

Die Lüfte wehen linder, linder—

Nur in dem Baumenschlag
Tönt das Singen lust'ger Vögelschwärmer!

Fern ist nun der Schnee; die Wiesen

Ergrünen; in dem Walde,
Durch das Thal,

Springt die Quelle—Blumen spriessen—

Der Bach singt allzumal;
Und Blätter werden schatten geben—balde!

Doch viel freud'ger, seeliger süsser,

Als all das ländlich' Schöne—

In der Natur—

Wird Schätzchen, wenn ein junger Küsser

Singt ihr 'nen treuen Schwur—

Das ist ihr meher als all' die Frühlingstöne!
(March, 1900)

WALDESSTILLE.

Es ist die Stille
Des einsamen, düstern Waldes!
Die grauen Wolken fegen
Den Sonnebeschiedenen Himmel.
Und dunkeln das Laub und die Kräuter,
Die Schatten und bunte Verzierung
Dem tief-rieselnden Bache geben.
Nur horchet die Tanne dem Winde;
Nur lauschet die Eiche dem Brausen
Des lauwehenden Windes!
Nur senket sich die Esche dem Toben
Des traurigen, eintönigen Wehens.
Nur Waldesblumen neigen die Blüthen
Und Stängel dem frischen Zuge
Des Schauer-erregenden Aethers!

Es ist die Stille
Des Waldes!
Die Gipfel der Bäume
Beugen sich, und rauscheln.
Die Cicada tönet
Seine Trommel so helle.
Und wehet immer
Der Wind eintönig,
Nach seiner Weise.

So traurig, so düster—so dunkel!
Keine Seele mir nah.
Nur alte Erinnerungen
Die die Schauerlichkeit des Waldes
Noch schauerlicher mährchen!
Er formet jeder Zweig sich
Zu höhnende Gestalten.
Und jede Dunkelheit bewohnt
Die Schurkschaft eines Daemonen.
Die Stille dränget
Die Muth in die Enge.
Es wuthet der Wind da droben,
Und schüttelt jed' Gewächs,
Und mir die tiefen Nerven.

Es ist die Stille
Des Waldes;
Doch singet vereinsammt
Ein Vogel sein Lied.
Eichhörnchen kichern
In Angst, und scheinen verlassen.
Doch singet des Wehen
Des Windes eine Weise
So schauerlich—ich denke ich fühle
Die Kälte des Todes.
Jedesmal sein Athem
Meine Backen umfliesset!

Es ist die Stille
Des einsamen, düster'n Waldes.
(Wie möcht ich mit Liebchen

Hier sein—sie inniglich küssen!)

Doch meine Seele

Sie lebt in Gedanken.

Ich bin hier wie ein Toder!

Allein! doch die Seele

Erschwillt mit dem Winde—

Erkennt die Allmacht!

Nur tröstet seinen Trauer

Dass überall ist Leben.

Wenn nicht Geistigkeit,

Doch Wiederhallen

Der ewigen Weissheit!

Es ist so stille!—

So auch das Grab!

Der Wald hört des Windes Weise—

Der Wind ertönt den Wald.

Mein Geist hört viele Gedichte;

Meine Seele verherrlicht

Den Inhalt der Lieder.

Es ist die Stille

Des tiefen, verlassen Waldes.

Es wird zutraulicher.

Der Schauer beim Eintritt

Vergehet—und friedlich

Winken Bäume and Schatten:

Verherrlichung statt Grübeln!

Der Wind weht Trost mir

Und alles erscheint mir traulich.

So ist der Tod!

Wir fürchten ihn!—Doch kommt er,
Nach kurzem Kennen
Erfreut sich die Seele,
Und singet, und jubelt.
Erkennung dass Gott ist—
Dass Er uns nimmt nach dem Tode,
Ist wie die eigene Stille
Des einsamen, dustern Waldes:
Wann graue Wolken schwillen
Und Winde brausen im Sturme!
(1886)

TO TENNYSON.

Whenever my young thoughts are steeped in
thine
I feel as though they bathed in golden wine—
In wine the grapes for which were golden-
glossed
Were filled with juice like liquid gold
Were seeded with gilt balls, that rolled
In times of old, when they by Jove's great mind
were tossed.

These grapes were then thrown in glass bowls,
by feet
Of fairies pressed—by hands, more pure and
sweet
Than Daphne's, touched; till, when a bowl was
filled

With honeyed, liquid, through a sieve
Of gold the juice was strained—to leave
The gilt dregs dream! And now the wine
was thrilled!

Whenever my young thoughts are steeped in
thine,
O Tennyson, thou golden bard divine.
Methinks 'twould be a boon to live in gold
In gold, that glitters like thy fair thoughts
In gold, that, found in heavenly courts,
Contains the Beauties, of a heaven-watched
fold!

(1883)



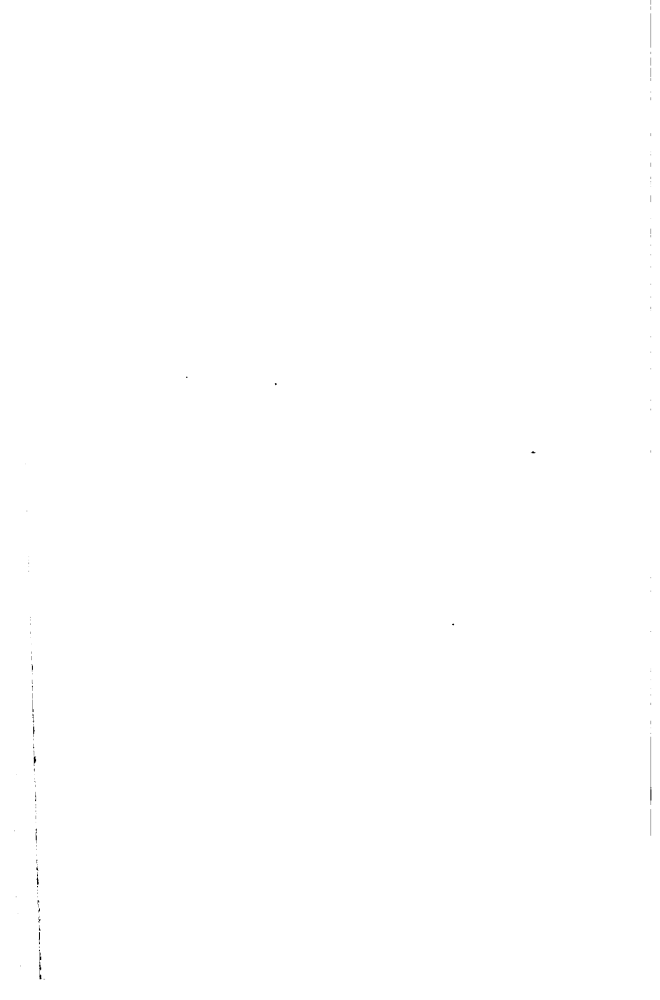


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